# FLASH

IN THIS ISSUE

# AMERICANROCK

# Meet Jim Dippy

## You've Got A Lot In Common

Jim Dippy is twenty-two years old and, like you, he cares.

Cares deeply about the problems faced by all of us in 1972.

And this concern shows through on every track of his first album for Protection Records, "Songs About You."

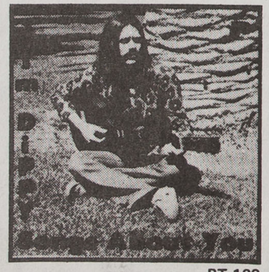
Backed by the finest musicians Memphis and Hollywood have to offer, Jim lays it all on the line in beautifully evocative tunes like "Little Baby Jesus," "Livin' Off The Land," "Smokestacks Blowin' (People Chokin')" and "Just A Small Piece of Peace."

Respected reviewers like Mike Saunders are saying that Jim is "...even more of what Cat Stevens and James Taylor already are..."

There are many things we could tell you about this record—the tasteful production, the delightful use of strings, the delicate and soothing way Jim sings his song—but perhaps a line from one of those songs will explain this extraordinary young man better than we could:

"...A stiff wind blows/I fall down..."
Jim Dippy.

It's like meeting an old friend for the first time.

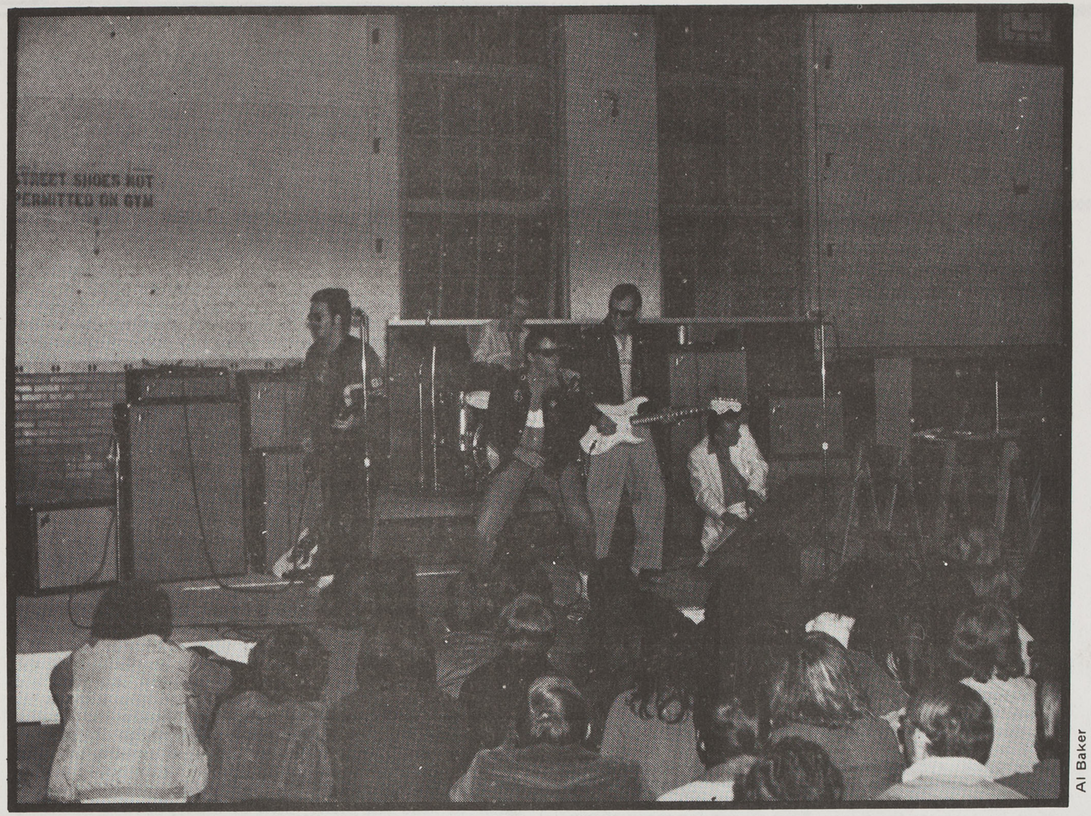



PT 109

**Jim Dippy/Songs About You**

**On Protection Records and Tapes**

USE THE POWER (18) REGISTER AND VOTE


Al Baker


Vol. 1 No. 2 — June-July 1972

# FLASH

*Spine-tingling tales from the rock 'n' roll underground*

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|---|---|
| Editor/Publisher | Mark Shipper |
| Asst. Editor | Bob Baker |
| Senior Editor | Ralph Cramden |
| Art | Jim Evans |
| Photography | Alan Baker |
| Rill Thing Editor | Ron Weiser |
| Contributing Eds. | Mike Saunders |
| | Wayne Davis |

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# FLASHES

## ...from the editor

Hi, everybody, and welcome to FLASH #2. You'll notice that we've grown in size since number one and though I actually liked the looks of #1 better, this size enables us to run on a web press which in large quantities is much cheaper than the sheet-fed #1 was. This is the last freebie, kids, so from here on in it'll be $3 a year (six issues) or $4.09 (nine issues) if you want to continue to receive the magazine. I had hoped we could publish monthly, but realize that everything in this issue is the work of two people (my wife and myself) who in real life have full-time jobs and have to do the laundry, fix the car, etc., just like normal people, so free time is the problem here. I am fortunate to work in an offset print shop and have access to and knowledge of the equipment required to put together a magazine like this, so with the most expensive factor (labor) out of the way, FLASH isn't nearly as expensive to produce as it could be, but it still costs (believe it!) so I hope all of you who understand what we're doing will subscribe.

Let me say that the response to number one was absolutely incredible. A couple of well placed plugs brought in a deluge of inquiries and almost everybody responded with nice words and obscure faves of their own. Despite the pregnant size of this issue's Esoterica column, I'm sitting on at least that much more that came in after we closed out that section. Whew! If your faves aren't here, they'll be in number 3. Actually we had to go to three printings of #1 just to meet the demand, the third printing just recently to allow us to offer the first issue for sale in this one. More on that later.

The press run for this issue is twice the size of what I expect our normal run to be, as we'll be placing this issue in various record stores and newsstands around town in an effort to promote the thing. That means for many of you, this'll be your first contact with FLASH so some words of introduction are in order.

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We're essentially a fanzine, which means a magazine produced by and for fans, as opposed to a large scale professional operation like ROLLING STONE and the others who have followed their lead. Since there are no distribution, payroll, overhead and other expenses here, we are not dependent upon advertising revenue to publish, nor are we forced to aim this magazine at a mass market which invariably dilutes a publication. All of which means that we can discuss the kind of music that we really dig without being bogged down in the one-article-about-Rod Stewart-per-issue syndrome of many promags today. Not that you won't see ads here--you will--they help out a lot financially, but they aren't crucial to our survival.

Basically it's just a brotherhood of North American rockers who've banded together to ride out the current rock 'n' roll slump by turning others on to the unknown or underappreciated records they've found. And though you might think this music is tough to locate and expensive when found, just the opposite is the case. Bargain bins are everywhere, full of used and promo albums that get lost in massive album releases and went without extensive promotion and review. Many of these stink, it's true, but a surprising amount are really excellent as the Esoterica section attests to. The best part, of course, is that these records almost never cost more than a buck, often as little as 25¢, sometimes even less.

### IT'S PLUGGING TIME

If you happen to be a person that is (a) in a position to publicize this magazine, and (b) willing to do so, you could state that this issue is free to anyone who'd like one until (a) July 30, 1972 or (b) we run out of copies, whichever comes first.

So much has been written about the whole "death of rock" thing, it's starting to sound like a broken record. Well, despite the tone of much of this issue, nobody around here is hysterically worried about it, it's in a slump to be sure, but it's gone down before and it'll be back. Unfortunately, it's probably gonna be a while before it comes around again and that's the way I see this magazine: as something to keep you busy while you're waiting.

So much of the current scene has become glutted with sensitive, poetic minstrels, precise (read dull) musicianship, "rock" operas, 35 year old superstars, big name producers and session men, sophisticated production techniques and the like, that the original teenage ethos of rock 'n' roll (frenzied fun and noisemaking) have all but vanished. And contrary to the ideas of doped-out dullards who would accuse us of writhing in the throes of some unspeakable futureshock, nostalgia is just not the issue here. What you've got, really, are a bunch of kids who've grown up on this stuff, have become conditioned to getting it (and getting it regular) and have been cut off. So naturally we're always on the lookout for new sources of vitality and when we find them, we tell our friends. That's all there is to it.

Please be advised, new readers, that this issue is a special promotion and even though you may have found it in a record store or at a newsstand, future issues will not be there and are available by subscription only.

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We've got some new faces with us this time. Finding Jim Evans (see cover) and persuading him to draw for us was probably the best thing that has happened since the first issue. Jim's a transplanted Southern Californian living in Hawaii, a fine surfer and a brilliant artist. You can look forward to seeing much more of his work here. Welcome aboard, Jim. Rockin' Ron is president and founder of the Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll Club, and the most energetic and dedicated rocker I've ever met. His first column (page 11) will serve to introduce you to this mild-mannered personality, and in future issues his vast knowledge of authentic rock 'n' roll should prove to be a real asset to the mag. Even if you don't happen to agree with all his opinions (f' instance he doesn't dig most 60's rock) it's always a kick to read his stuff. Ron at the typewriter and Jerry Lee on the piano in the middle of "Great Balls Of Fire" are one and the same. And Ralph Cramden? Well, he put up the money....

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That's Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids on page 3 above our logo. Flash and the Kids have been traveling around the country for three years now, working one niters in converted bowling alleys, high school gymnasiums, teen clubs, bottom-of-the-bill at rock concerts (where they invariably steal the show, ask the Beach Boys, Jeff Beck, or Alvin Lee). They are such good rocking fun that it's tough to give 'em enough credit. Rock purists moan and groan that they aren't the real thing, but the fact remains that the real thing is usually either dead or too old to really get it on the way it's supposed to be. Besides, the music that Flash and the Kids play was never meant to be played by 50 year old men at stale and boring rock revival shows anyway. Seeing them for the first time inspired this whole magazine, you know. And now from Kim Fowley comes the good news that he'll be producing their first album. We're looking forward to that one--if every group was made to do one niters for three years back and forth across country in a van before recording, we'd have better albums.

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Jim McNaboe and a few others suggest we inaugerate a want list so that readers can more easily obtain albums that are scarce in their part of the country. Well, that's okay with me. It could get out of hand, though, so we ask that you limit your list to three albums and include only the name of the record, the artist, and label (if known). Any other information such as price, condition, possible trades, etc., can be worked out between you and the parties who contact you. This will be free for the time being, although I can't guarantee that it'll always remain free. And while we're on the subject, I'm in the market for Napoleon the Fourteenth's "They're Coming To Take Me Away" album and also the Riveras' Post LP mentioned on page 27.



Through a weird stroke of luck, we came onto a whole pile of a Count Five single called "Mailman" (Double Shot DS 141) that never appeared on their album. It's fine punk rock, quite different than "Psychotic Reaction" and costs 50¢ plus an eight cent stamp while they last.

BACK ISSUES: As I mentioned earlier, we stuck the plates back on the press and ran off a few more copies of FLASH #1 recently. Printing done in very limited quanties jacks the per copy price way up, but for those of you who'd like to see our humble beginnings, copies are available for $1.00 apiece.

RECORD NOTES: Greg Shaw, Mark Leviton, and quite a few others wrote in protest of my comment last time that the Standells didn't make good albums. All of which goes to prove that when you make an asshole statement, nobody'll let you get away with it. Yeah, you guys are right. DIRTY WATER really is good, so is WHY PICK ON ME. Consider my statement retracted....Speaking of the Standells, how many people are aware that their immortal punk-rocker, "Try It" was originally recorded by the Ohio Express on their first album (Cameo 20,000)? Another good version but not in the same league as the Standells....I'm gonna keep right on plugging Brownsville Station's album (Warner Bros. 1888) until everybody gets it. It's just one of those records that refuses to go stale no matter how many times you play it. Recent, (1971) still easy to find, and absolutely amazing. A great mix of rock standards, and distinctive originals like "Do The Bosco," and "Cadillac Express." Fantastic drumming, a great singer who sounds like he's about to bust up laughing at any moment, and it includes our vote for the finest hard-rock performance of the seventies, "Guitar Train." Git it....Masochists will want to check out Freddie & The Dreamers' second album (Mercury) for what is unquestionably the most inept version of "Johnny B. Goode" ever put on vinyl. Even more inept that the Grateful Dead's and thass no joke....Still funnier are the Gants who had a few albums (recommended) on Liberty. Fine spirited rip-offs through and through. What's funny is their rendition of the Yardbirds' "Shapes Of Things" on GANTS GALORE (Liberty 3455). Everything starts off fine, you can hardly tell the difference until the guitar break comes and it's the most mind-boggingly incompetent one finger-one string technique we've ever heard. Play this loud, I swear it'll knock you down laughing. I guess on the basis of this cut we'll have to name Gants lead guitarist Sid Herring, rock musician of the 60's. (The worse the better, natch)....The Hombres do a terrific "Gloria" on their album (reviewed page 24). Right in the middle they break into "Eight Miles High" for no apparent reason, but it works. Also a real fine slowdown-speedup "Ya Ya" on the other side....I don't want to scoop Rockin' Ron who I'm sure will want to discuss this one in his next column, but I gotta mention a Carl Perkins album, MATCHBOX (Pickwick/33 JS-6103) which must be the biggest bargain in this issue. Pickwick/33's are those repackaged reissues you often see in supermarkets, Thrifty Drug Stores and places like that and usually sell for about $1.39. This Perkins record is truly outstanding. It contains his classic Sun stuff, "Blue Suede Shoes," "Boppin' The Blues," and "Matchbox," as well as some lesser known (but equally great) tunes like "Gone, Gone, Gone," (amazing hiccupy vocal) "Dixie Fried," about razor blade fights--dig these lyrics: "Dan came in and he started ravin'/He jerked out his razor but he wasn't shavin'/And all the cats knew to jump and hop/'Cause he was born and raised in a butcher shop...." And as if all that weren't enough, the album contains a never before released track, "Put Your Cat Clothes On," that is at once better than "Blue Suede Shoes" and more frantic than "Boppin' The Blues." This is just one hell of a song. I know Ron's sold a ton of these albums to his European rocker friends on the strength of this cut alone. I really want to urge all the metal fans and sixties' kids who've never gotten into Southern Rock to find this album and give it a try. The whole key to a 1972 appreciation of this stuff is in playing it good and LOUD--Black Sabbath is loud no matter how low you've got the volume, but this stone age rock just can't be listened to on headphones, you've got to play it LOUD, LOUD, LOUD so you can dig the crazy rhythyms, greasy vocals, and superfast beat. The Carl Perkins that recorded these songs is not to be confused with the Carl Perkins who plays second banana to Johnny Cash nowadays. THIS Carl Perkins was one of the greatest rockers of all time and here's a record that proves it....If you can afford to buy a new LP for only one song on it, we've got one for you: BRITISH ARCHIVE SERIES--BLUES FOR COLLECTORS VOL.4 (RCA 4459). It's mostly blooz shit, but hidden away is one of the toughest rockin' songs you're ever gonna hear--"Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight" by Earl Vince and the Valiants, who are actually an earlier incarnation of Fleetwood Mac. If you can dig an ultra-greasy Elvisish vocal, lyrics like "...ah well the cats are rockin' everybody shoutin' for more/well, there's gonna be a pool of blood on the dancehall floor/'cause somebody's gonna get their head kicked in tonight!..." and music to match, this one's for you. Is the entire goal of FLASH Magazine to get this song played on the radio somewhere, once? Could be, could be. This album is only six months old and easy to find, get it even if you can't afford it, you might die tomorrow....So most of the AM stations in the U.S. are refusing to play John Lennon's new single, "Woman Is The Nigger Of The World". Predictably enough, John's running around claiming censorship, and while that certainly enters into it, the fact is that it's just a lousy overproduced record. This guy is getting awfully tiresome lately....Current rumors have Yoko Ono forming a dynamite rockabilly band made up of ex-members of David Peel's Lower East Side and an even more amazing one has Ricky Ricardo set to record with Santana in August. The result (hopefully) will be a twenty minute version of "Ba-Ba-Loo" for Santana's next album. Little Ricky on drums, of course....The Raiders, who got the royal treatment here last time have a fine new single in "Powder Blue Mercedes Queen," (Columbia 4-45601) a cut from their otherwise undistinguished COUNTRY WINE LP. It's a straightahead rocker with real cool "...do it like a lady/chew it like a lady..." lyrics and is quite worthy of your car radio....

LOCAL NOTES: Rockin' Ron has asked me to put out a call in the LA area to anybody who can rent the Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll Club a fairly good sized house or hall for a little rockin' party we'd like to have. If you have or know of one that can be rented for a night (cheep) call Ron at 874-0611. We're all well behaved and love our mothers ....Jim Pewter's fine rock 'n' roll show (heard locally Sundays from 4 to 6 p.m. on KMET-FM) has gone into national syndication. Congratulations, Jim, and best of luck....Wolfman Jack has moved to KDAY after selling his Mexico-based powerhouse, XPRS, and LA nitetime radio has never sounded better....Flash Cadillac & the Continental Kids at the Whisky in June....

FINAL BIT: If you've got obscure or underappreciated rock records, we want to know about them. Our main focus is 1960's rock, primarily because so little of it has been adequately covered, but we're also interested in 50's Southern Rock and 70's heavy metal (which will receive regular coverage in a new column beginning next issue--see page 30). You'd do well to follow the style of most of the contributors in this issue's Esoterica section--keep it light and fairly brief. Addresses are printed in the Esoterica section to facilitate communication between readers. If you don't want your address printed, just let us know.

THANKS: I'd rather seem like an ingrate than a redundant ingrate and that's why I neglected to acknowledge all the nice words you people in the Esoterica section had for FLASH. Let me do that now: thanks! And that goes for everybody else who wrote in, too. I'm indebted to a lot of people for their help on this thing, far too many to list but I do want to thank specifically Al Baker, Hot Scott Fischer, Mike Saunders, Jim(Dippy) Cribb, R. Meltzer, Jay Kinney, Rockin' Ronny, Al Betrock, KMET's Dr. Demento, Tom Parsons, Darlene Lima, CRAWDADDY and FUSION Magazines. And a very special thanks to Russ Barnard, Jim Evans, and Greg Shaw for their help in some very crucial areas.

Hope you can find something to dig in this issue and we'll see you again in the summer.

——Mark Shipper

# Denver Cops Melanie

## Fights Off Stiff Challenge From New Rock Comedy Team

Holding off a late challenge from John & Yoko, last issue's favorite, John Denver, held on to cop the first Melanie Award of 1972. To those of you who tuned in late, the Melanie Award is given to "...that person or group of persons who have done exceptionally meritorius and uncalled-for work in promoting the ideals, values, and doctrines of the counterculture..." We award the Melanie in each issue and readers are invited to send in their nominations to our panel of judges for consideration. On August 11 (the first day of WOODSTOCK WEEK) we have the gala FLASH MAGAZINE ROCK AND ROLL SLAM BANG AFFAIR AND CAT STEVENS ALBUM BONFIRE CONVENTION where we award the six foot solid gold Melanie to the most deserving of the year's monthly winners. This years convention will be held at the Houston Astrodome and as the months roll on, more and more acts are being lined up for the show. Additional artists since issue #1 include both Bobby Boris & Wilson Pickett (singing together for the first time). Bobby's Crypt-Kicker Five have also agreed to join the DC5-MC5 Battle Of The Bands. Napoleon the Fourteenth makes his first appearance since the Bangla Desh benefit, and there is a possibility (not yet confirmed) that Iggy Stooge will team up with Janis Joplin for a medley of Dick & Dee Dee hits, providing Janis recovers from a recent illness. We'll see.

You'll remember from the last issue that according to a prominent New York FM jock, John Denver's LP, "Poems, Prayers, and Promises," was found to be an "anthem for the new consciousness," as well as providing "sustenance to go on with the revolution."

Well, that gave him an early lead, but it was the exciting promotion of his new album, "Aerie," that pushed John into paydirt, football fans:

"Reach for the heavens and hope for the future and all that we can be and not what we are," John says in the ads. RCA calls that quote "Hope and truth well told." They go on to say that John "...weaves an album of life, and love, and perhaps most important, grace. Sure, there are songs like 'Readjustment Blues' that make you cringe and tighten up, and hoohah delights like 'Blow Up Your TV' (right on, John!) but mostly there are tunes of incredible poetry and shared feelings, like 'Friends With You' and 'Starwood In Aspen' and 'All Of My Memories.' There's even a 60-second jingle for a bank. What more could you ask from an album?..." (Gee, I dunno--can anybody out there think of anything else they'd ask from an album?)

So, to John Denver, for general groovyness above and beyond the call of duty, and for basically being a better person than the rest of us, we deservedly bestow upon you the first Melanie Award. Go, Johnny Go!

# Rockmags, briefly...

### Mags with the spirit:

WHO PUT THE BOMP: Greg Shaw has done so much for the whole of rock fandom that even if WHO PUT THE BOMP was the biggest pile of dogshit on the planet, I'd still feel obligated to praise it. As it happens, though, WPTB is so good as to be in a class by itself among American rock publications. Those of you who've neglected it up till now have missed some of

Continued on page 7

# The Punk Rock Top-Ten

Here's my own punk ten and you readers are hereby invited to send in yours so that in future issues we can expand this to the Punk-Rock Top-30. We'll award ten points for your #1, nine for #2, on down to one for your #10. We'll publish the top-30, points and all in every issue, and in a year, as we continue to get new readers, it might even mean something.

1. TRY IT—THE STANDELLS (TOWER)
2. Pushin' Too Hard—The Seeds (GNP)
3. Talk, Talk—The Music Machine (Original Sound)
4. Psychotic Reaction—Count Five (Double Shot)
5. 96 Tears—Question Mark & The Mysterians (Cameo)
6. Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White—The Standells (Tower)
7. Double Shot—The Swingin' Medallions (Smash)
8. Wild Thing—The Troggs (Fontana)
9. Dirty Water—The Standells (Tower)
10. Gloria—The Shadows Of Knight (Dunwich)

The Standells—(L-R) Dave Burke, Tony Valentino, Dick Dodd (backround) and Larry Tamblyn

BUBBLING UNDER:

"Hey, Joe," The Leaves, "Wooly Bully," Sam the Sham, "Louie, Louie," The Kingsmen, "Mainline," The Standells, and a couple dozen more. I've chosen hit 45's but there's no reason why album cuts can't enter into it. Worth checking too are the labels on this top-10. While a couple are shady subsidiaries of big companies, the fact remains that, like the fifties, the best music of the sixties came out of small independent labels. Where are the indie labels of the 70's, anyway?



(SECOND IN A SERIES)

# Liner Notes HALL OF FAME

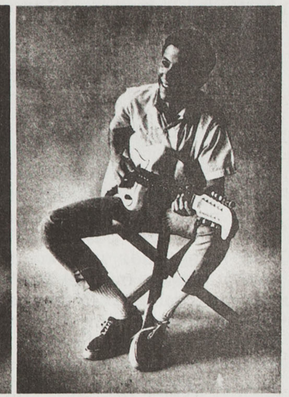

GNP 2025

GNP Crescendo RECORDS

# CALIFORNIA KICKS THE CHALLENGERS

CALIFORNIA IS WHERE IT IS HAPPENING! CALIFORNIA *IS* HAPPENING. CALIFORNIANS ARE ACTIVISTS OF THE SUN, THE SEA AND THE SCENE, PREACHERS OF THE GROOVE LIFE. THE SPONTANEOUS GENERATION THAT FORMS THE CENTER OF THIS WILD AND WILLING HEDONISM HIPS ON A MUSIC SO INDIVIDUAL, SO VITAL TO THE TIMES, THAT THE REST OF THE NATION IS SURGING TO IT. FROM BERKELEY TO NORTH BEACH, SANTA CRUZ TO RINCON, TRESTLES TO CORONA, SAN ONOFRE TO T.J., THE KICKS OF THE GOOD LIFE GATHER WARMTH IN THE SUN, SWIM ALONG IN THE RHYTHM AND BIG BEAT OF THE CHALLENGERS. LONG POPULAR AS A WEST COAST ENTITY, THE CHALLENGERS ARE DRAWING NEW LISTENERS FROM ACROSS THE NATION NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE EVER ATTRACTIVE CALIFORNIA MAGNET, BUT ALSO BECAUSE THEY DESCRIBE IN THEIR MUSIC THE VITALITY OF THE NEW GENERATIONS OF AMERICA. THEY ROCK OF THE KICKS, THE HIGH LIFE OF YOUTH, THEIR INTERESTS, THEIR LOVES AND THEIR LAUGHS. THIS CONTEMPORARY SPIRIT HAS NEVER BEEN BETTER DISPLAYED THAN IN THIS THEIR LATEST ALBUM FOR THE CRESCENDO LABEL. FROM THEIR MANY CONCERTS THEY HAVE GLEANED WHAT THEIR FANS HAVE MOST REQUESTED AND BROUGHT THEM HERE IN A BRASH BEAT PACKAGE THAT WILL ENLIST THOUSANDS OF NEW ADMIRERS. A SPLENDID SAMPLING OF CURRENT FAVORITES IS PRESENTED IN THE INDIVIDUAL CHALLENGER STYLE. IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST OR TENTH TASTE OF RICHARD DELVY AND HIS MEN, WE KNOW YOU'LL BE SATISFIED. BUT BE MORE THAN THAT, TELL YOUR FRIENDS, WRITE DISTANT COUSINS AND SCHOOL FRIENDS, LET THEM IN ON ALL THESE WONDERFUL CALIFORNIA KICKS.

Richard Delvy Leader & Drummer



Art Fisher Guitar

SIDE ONE: GNP 2025

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. KICKS | MANN-WEIL | SCREEN GEMS—COLUMBIA | BMI | 2:20 |
| 2. SLOOP JOHN B | arr. DELVY—FOURNIER | MIRALESTE—NEIL | BMI | 2:45 |
| 3. CRESTLINE | FOURNIER | MIRALESTE—NEIL | BMI | 2:30 |
| 4. I SPY | HAGEN | LOMAHURST | BMI | 2:05 |
| 5. WHAT NOW MY LOVE | SIGMAN—BECAUD—DELANOE | REMICK | ASCAP | 2:12 |
| 6. ONE TRACK MIND | COLLEY—COLLEY | 4-STAR | BMI | 2:20 |

SIDE TWO: GNP 2025

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. LOUIE LOUIE | BERRY | LIMAX | BMI | 3:15 |
| 2. BALBOA | FOURNIER | MIRALESTE | BMI | 2:08 |
| 3. OUR MAN FLINT | GOLDSMITH | HASTINGS | BMI | 2:52 |
| 4. SHAKIN' ALL OVER | KIDD | MILLS | ASCAP | 2:20 |
| 5. NORTH BEACH | FOURNIER | MIRALESTE—NEIL | BMI | 1:45 |
| 6. GLORIA | MORRISON | BERNICE | BMI | 2:35 |

Ed Fournier Guitar

Randy Nauert Bass Guitar

CHALLENGERS INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB
2525 W. 9TH ST.
LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA
90006

GNP 2010
THE CHALLENGERS
AT THE TEEN-AGE FAIR

GNP 2018
THE CHALLENGERS
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

ALBUM DESIGNED BY PETER WHORF GRAPHICS


## Rockmag's... From page 6

the finest articles ever written on the rock including last issue's amazing 25,000 word exposition on the Troggs and a whole lot more by Lester Bangs (called "James Taylor Marked For Death"). It ranks as the finest piece of rock writing I've ever read and if Greg's got any sense at all, he'll reprint the article and offer it as an incentive for future subscribers, or sell it through his mag. Classics like that one should stay in print, just like good records! Greg knows more about R&R than almost anybody, the artwork by Jonh Ingham and Jay Kinney is consistently superb, and the mag is essential. 50¢ for a sample copy to WPTB, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930.

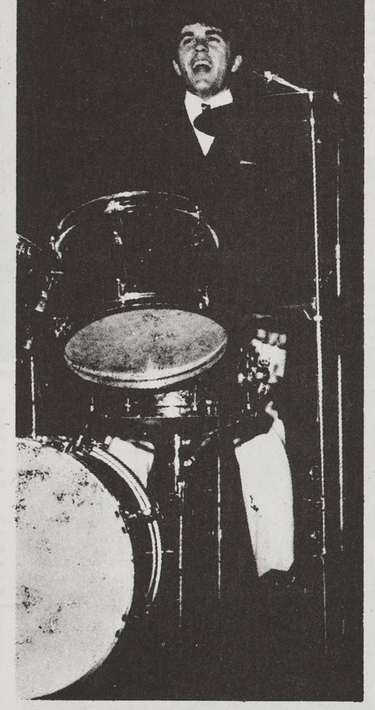
ROLLIN' ROCK: Published by the original Heartbroken Bopper, the King of exclamation points, and FLASH Magazine's very own musicolumnist, Rockin' Ronny Weiser himself!!!!!! ROLLIN' ROCK is Ron's FLASH column x 60 pages. Simply devastating. Few people know more about the real stuff and NOBODY loves it more than Ron. You'll really dig this magazine--60¢ to ROLLIN'

Continued on page 14

# The Dave Clark Five

**A-wop-bop-a-loo-bop -a-lop-bam-boom!**

**By Mike Saunders**



You've heard Nik Cohn dismiss the Dave Clark Five as "only basic noise machines. . . .almost indecent." You've read R. Meltzer say nasty things about the DC5. I think Lenny Kaye's said some nasty things about them in print too, although I can't remember precisely where or when. And the longest letter I ever induced out of Jon Landau (about the only one over 25 words in fact) was about the Remains and how they were the best group of all time--quite possible, believe me--and how (I hope Jon doesn't get mad): "The Remains were for real, Mike, and before you get too gone in a lot of nonsense about the Dave Five Clark 5, and a lot of other amateur bands that flashed for a second back then, take my word for it: this (the Remains) was it."

Well, brothers and sisters, IT AIN'T SO!!! If there's one group people have forgotten and ignored even more than the Zombies, it's got to be the Dave Clark Five, and sometimes you wonder how many people ever heard them in the first place. In fact, some of the comments you get viz. the DC5 from well-bred, educated people, people with taste--Question Mark & The Mysterians afficionados, Troggs fans, the whole works--remind you more than a little of John Fogerty's mule-headed put-down of the MC5's KICK OUT THE JAMS:

"Well, I'm only familiar with one song. I have to admit I never even listened to em, you know, 'up against the wall, motherfuckers.' And I didn't even listen to that, I only had to read the title to figure what it said. . . .(and later) Cause it was just blegh! You know there wasn't nothin' THERE but the politics as far as I could tell."

The truth of the matter is this; The Dave Clark 5 deserve a place in Rock & Roll Heaven right along there beside Question Mark & The Mysterians, the Standells, Count Five, the Troggs, and the Music Machine. And they had more good songs than any of these groups too! So you have to start from the beginning--the first good song of the DC5's endless many--which puts us back in early 1964.

"Glad All Over" is a classic rock and roll record, a true AM radio explosion. And especially dig the production, for christsake --the amazing echo, the same and more on the beautifully recorded drums, and the way the basic wall centers around the sax and drums. There's really a good hint of Spector-ish production about the whole thing.

The DC5's first couple albums were disappointing, basically uneven and having about five or six good songs. Then they released AMERICAN TOUR following "Because," and the most concise review I could give of AMERICAN TOUR would be: get this LP. Why? Because it has a good handful of really outstanding songs, because the whole album is a really fine muzak album, because, goddamn it, sometimes I think to myself AMERICAN TOUR is actually GOOD. Because it has "Because" on it, too.

That's the first song. Second is a fine rocker, "Who Does He Think He Is," followed by a good muzak instrumental shuffle and then a nice ballad (if you like the DC5's good early ballads--"Because" or "Everybody Knows" f'instance--you'll like the ones here). Then out of the pleasant muzak level bursts "I Want You Still," a great rock-a-ballad (as they used to say in BILLBOARD). I mean it is just fucking GREAT. Anyway, they then close side one with another nice ballad.

Side 2 of AMERICAN TOUR explodes with "Come On Over," an excellent rocker that is almost "Glad All Over" turned inside out. Then comes another instrumental, "Blue Monday" (not Fats' song, but still 1950's-ish almost: that's how come they had that sax), and the third song on the side is a REALLY nice ballad, "Sometimes." Fourth is "Any Time You Want Love," a dramatic slow rocking ballad--I swear, it's almost inventive. Boy, is it good. Then they close the LP with another ballad and "Old Sol'," a raunchy instrumental with dog yelps, Spanish trilled hoots, and Dave yelling out the title at the end of each verse. It's bracing, and that is a true compliment. Anyway, that's AMERICAN TOUR: a good album by any name, one you'll want for your very own once you hear it.

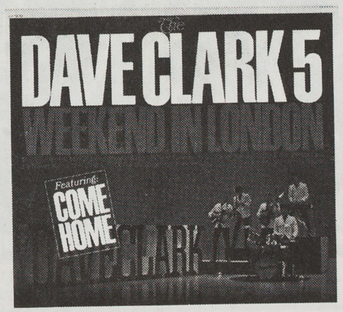
The DC5 followed up AMERICAN tour with COAST TO COAST, a pretty crappy album (jeez, when you're putting out an album a month, some of them have got to be subpar). And then on the heels of "Come Home," they released WEEKEND IN LONDON. Brace yourself: WEEKEND IN

The Dave Clark Five with their fourteen gold records--and four of 'em were even good!

LONDON is even better than AMERICAN TOUR.

WEEKEND IN LONDON opens with "Come Home," a great ballad if you ask me. And then comes "We'll Be Running," and one of the DC5's biggest moves is given away: just dig that honking sax! What beautiful noise! And saxes were obsolete in 1965 rock, too, so that makes the DC5 an avant-garde group! Either that or they were just ten years behind everybody else. Anyway, how raunchy can you get? I ask you. To confound the whole avant - garde question even further, the third song on the LP is "Blue Suede Shoes," done just like their version of "Reelin' And Rockin'," and if you've ever heard that, you already know how good their "Blue Suede Shoes" is. The rest of the first side goes like this: "Hurting Inside" is a truly melodious ballad, "I'll Never Know" rocks like holy shit, and "Til The Right One Comes Along" has Mike Smith doing an engaging total Paul McCartney - ripoff (basically of "I'll Follow The Sun"). Oh, but the DC5 were imitators. But what have 90% of all great rock groups ever been but clever manipulators of all the rock and roll cliches that came before them? And you've sure got to admit the DC5 were one of the best.

WEEKEND IN LONDON's second side opens with more pure raunch, "I'm Thinking." Jesus, I remember when this song was the B - side of "Reelin' And Rockin'" and I used to wear the grooves off of it back in 1965. Then another ballad (not as good as "Hurting Inside," but still passable), and then "Little Bitty Pretty One" (yep), and WEEKEND IN LONDON closes with two incredibly strong songs. "Remember It's Me" starts out as a slow dramatic piece, echoed piano and minor-key bass piano lines, and instead of building to a climax in the bridge just stays moody all the way. "Mighty Good Loving" is everything you ever loved about the Dave Clark Five: pure raunch, Mike Smith screaming "oh-woh-woh" behind some of the lines (he's the one who does the great screaming vocals on "Reelin' And Rockin' " and the like), and a great beat you can bop to. In fact the whole album is just that. Mighty good. Here's some albums WEEKEND IN LONDON is as good as: BETWEEN THE BUTTONS, HUMS OF THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL, GREEN RIVER, and many more. And in some ways it's more fun than any of them.




Sad to say, the DC5 never made another good legit album after these two, with the possible exception of I LIKE IT LIKE THAT, which I don't have (have all the rest). After mid - 1965 their albums really started getting crappy, and when the Beatles started going progressive the DC5 tried imitating that too, only they were much less good at it than imitating all the rocknroll cliches their early stuff was based on (from "Blue Suede Shoes" to Little Eva to the early Beatles).

So that leaves it up to their Greatest Hits albums to round out the Dave Clark Five's basic recording career. THE DAVE

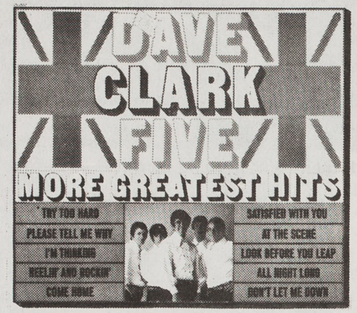
| SIDE ONE | SIDE TWO |
|---|---|
| OVER AND OVER<br>Recordo Music Publishers (BMI) 1958....2:00 | CATCH US IF YOU CAN<br>Branston Music., Inc. (BMI) 1965 ....1:55 |
| EVERYBODY KNOWS (I STILL LOVE YOU)<br>Branston Music, Inc. (BMI) 1964....1:41 | BECAUSE<br>Ivy Music Ltd. (ASCAP) 1964 ....2:23 |
| CAN'T YOU SEE THAT SHE'S MINE<br>Morley Music Co., Inc. (ASCAP) 1964....2:21 | ANY WAY YOU WANT IT<br>Branston Music, Inc. (BMI) 1964....2:28 |
| BITS AND PIECES<br>Beechwood Music Corp. (BMI) 1964....1:59 | DO YOU LOVE ME<br>Jobete Music Co., Inc. (BMI) 1962....2:27 |
| I LIKE IT LIKE THAT<br>Tune-Kel Publishing Co. (BMI) 1961....1:38 | GLAD ALL OVER<br>Campbell-Connelly, Inc. (ASCAP) 1964....2:41 |

**"...in fact, the ordering downright stinks..."**

CLARK FIVE'S GREATEST HITS (Vol. 1) is weird--it should be great, but it isn't. The songs are not ordered well, in fact the ordering downright stinks: anyone who could put "Anyway You want It," "Do You Love Me," and "Glad All Over" straight in a row needs his brain examined. And "Anyway You Want It" is my favorite DC5 song of all time, so it makes me really mad.

As an aside, you probably wonder why I'm doing such lengthy reviews of a couple DC5 albums. But basically the point is this: if I just raved in general about the DC5 without naming recommended albums, it might not be of much help, and you might in fact get mad at me if you got one of their crappy albums. Anyway, to my ears the ones discussed so far sound by far the best: if you're down to your last 44¢ and have to make a choice, get WEEKEND IN LONDON. If you get it and don't like it, you can write me a nasty letter anyway.

Anyway, this leaves MORE GREATEST HITS, which is much, much better than VOL. 1. Ah but is it good. It opens with "Try Too Hard," one of their few really great later things. It just kicks the shit out of 99% of the rock you've heard this year, I swear. Then a couple other aforementioned hits from previous albums, and the side closes with the unbelievable "Reelin' And Rockin'." Play this song after the Chuck Berry original, and then try and tell me the DC5 weren't distinctive interpreters! It might possibly be comic and then maybe not, actually what the song is is both great and funny at the same time--but it sure does have a style. Class. Pizazz. Yes, the Dave Clark Five, one of the classiest groups ever. They were just running over at the ears with it.

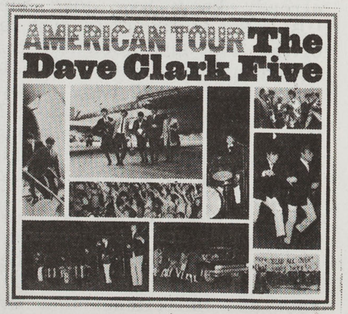



Side two has "Look Before You Leap," another fine later hit that contains some of the most incredibly recorded drums and cymbals in rocknroll history. In fact I think the drums must be the lead instrument in the instrumental backing. Couple other songs, too--the first three on the side are good, the fourth passable, and the fifth stinks. MORE GREATEST HITS is a good album overall, and it's short too--only about 20 minutes until you get to the song that stinks ("All Night Long"). That's a virtue if you look at it properly: how often does it happen that you don't feel like listening to a whole album lasting 35-40 minutes? So here's a fine one lasting only 20 minutes, in fact ALL the DC5's albums (good or bad) are like that. BEATLES VI was only 25 minutes, and who ever complained? Not me, it's one of my favorite LP's of all time. And you're getting twelve songs' worth all the same. The only difference is just that the songs are shorter.

Anyway, that's it for the Dave Clark Five. They didn't do a whole lot after mid-1965. Some good singles, but nothing in the way of albums. Nevertheless, they lasted about a year altogether during their hot streak, about as long as Creedence Clearwater. You've gotta give 'em that at least. And you've gotta give the DC5 their four good albums, because they're theirs and rightfully so. How many groups ever make four good albums anyway?

Well, I'm no Lester Bangs, so this has been no CARBURETOR DUNG epic (whether for good or bad). But basically, the whole matter is really simple & that's why this piece has been for the most part basic, basics being a prime part of life and the main one of this whole essay being this: THE DAVE CLARK FIVE WERE FUCKIN' GOOD!

Unquestionably, the DC5 attracted some of the raunchiest looking groupies in all of popstar history.



## By Ron Weiser

*They've tried to supress it for 20 years.....*

Rock'n'Roll music that is--ever since rock started to make inroads on the American pop scene, the squares have tried to kill it.

I was a 'lil kid back in '58 with my baggy pants, short hair in a conservative European environment; then it happened!!! I saw "LOVING YOU", Elvis' wildest movie and here he was well-greased wearing skin-tight faded bluejeans and bluejean jacket with long black sideburns bumping his cock like a mad dog and all the chickies was going nuts, while Elvis was screaming out "Party" and "Got A Lot Of Livin' To Do". When he sang "Teddy Bear" he was wearing, now dig this, RED cowboy pants and a satin red and white western shirt with red snap buttons and contrasting embroidery!!!! I couldn't believe it!!! In Italy where all the kids wore crewcuts and very baggy gray suits and white shirts and ties!!! I bought me jeans (Lee Riders), faded them on my cock and butt, turned my shirt collar up, tried to grow sideburns, curled up my lip and started chasing chicks. Soon enough the preacher in school outlawed rock and bluejeans and told me to cut my hair; soon enough the Communist Party passed a resolution to ban bluejeans and rock'n'roll as a sign "corrupt and decadent American influence to lower the morals of our working class youth"!!! The Fascist Party called Rock "an evil American-nigger-Jewish capitalist-sex perveted jungle music to destroy Italy's secular tradition" and vowed that fascist gangs would beat up any youth found wearing bluejeans!!

But I didn't give up and was the only cat in my whole damn school to keep on wearing jeans, long hair and actively idolize my gods: Elvis, Little Richard, Gene Vincent, Fats Domino, Jerry Lee, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, Esquerita, Eddie Cochran, etc.

Us European Rockers we LOVED AMERICA with a passion and Rock'n'Roll Music and Memphis and New Orleans and bluejeans and Western Movies and Teenage Hops and pink cadilliacs and those sweet sixteen chicks in Red Bluejeans and a Pony Tail (as the Gene Vincent song goes) but then America betrayed us!!! The jeans started to give way to college slacks and sweaters, Jerry Lee was cut down for marrying that 13 year old chick, Little Richard became a priest, Gene Vincent was banned from airplay and clubs because of wildness and lewd lyrics, Chuck Berry was put in jail on trumped up charges (he was going with a white girl), and Elvis was in the army. In their places we saw these antiseptic, clean cut, whitewashed pop puppets like Bobby Rydell and Fabian and Freakie Avalon; the big-city conservative record company execs had supressed the real Rockers who were a mix of black R&B shouters and white Southern hillbilly hip-swivelers and gave us this plastic cow-shit. But us European Rock fans stuck loyal with the Pioneers. Then we got the Beatles and here was the same lame castrated dogshit all over again: look at these phony jerks wearing TIES and SUITS and really clean-cut looking (see first V-J album jacket) and singing songs about "Wanting To Hold Your Hand"!!!

What happened to the faded bluejeans and outrageous cowboy shirts???? And the sideburns and crazy pompadours and the shaking??? Where did all the crazy lyrics go, the ones talking about balling ang boppin' and jumpin' and screaming and gettin' it on???? The squares finally had won--they had killed rock....at least that's what they thought!!!! Then came all this bullshit about the "Love Generation" and the "hippies" and the "New Left" and drugs and all these sexless racist unemotional boring psychedelic shit-groups. And now everybody's wearing long hair, (including the same bankers and businessmen and preachers who condemned Elvis and Jerry Lee for their long hair) and everybody makes peace signs and says "groovy" and "far out" and "right on" and here this same dude who was laughing at me in '64 for wearing cowboy boots and cowboy shirts now wears the stuff himself and thinks he's a big boy, 'cause he's learned to say "get it on" and "I can dig it"--if the asshole had any brains, he'd know that these "now" terms have been popular with Rockers in the 1950's or even before that with the jazz crowd. And the radio stations just keep pumping out all this dull crap: from Cream to Blue Cheer to Donovan to Simon and Garfuckel to Sonny and Cher to the Crapenters to Bobby Sherman and Led Zeppelin and Glen Cramabell and Dionne Warwick and Cat Stevens and Crosby, Shits and Trash, we are being sterilized and reduced to sick vegetables. Only Creedence Clearwater Revival and a couple of C&W and Soul records bring back some of that old excitement.

And here comes this jackoff John Lennoff with all his hypocritical talk about revolution and "imagine a world with no possessions" while the bastard makes millions and drives three Rolls Royces at the same time!!! And here come the Rolling Stones ripping off every 'lil Chuck Berry riff making millions while Chuck (who is a God) is being refused airplay by the racist un-American radio stations who won't play a record unless 1.) You are a group with long hair 2.) You must be from England preferably 3.) You must cut dowm America or at least be a "revolutionary" (ha, ha, ha!!!). And here is Grace Sick Slick, that stupid anti-American left-wing snob who's having her ass wiped by the big R.C.A. executives who at the same time build bombs and pour millions into Republican causes!!! HYPOCRISY, HYPOCRISY, HYPOCRISY!!!!

This whole New Left " " " " " "underground" " " " " " trip is as fake as a three dollar bill!!!! Did you ever hear CHUCK BERRY cuss against America??? No, and yet Chuck has paid his dues, man, yes he has, 3 years in jail, no money to promote him, while millions are wasted to feed you Uriah Heep and goat-shit like that. But Chuck is a REAL ROCKER who has dedicated his life to make young people happy. And while the John Lennoffs and Grace Sick Slicks want you to take drugs so you are too stoned to understand the crap they put on records and make millions ripping you off with outrageous album and concert prices, GENE VINCENT, the man who fought for youth and Rock for 18 years, the man who came on stage in Black Leather with

**Continued on page 15**

# NOTICE!
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**(If you don't want to serve negroes in your place of business, then do not have negro records on your juke box or listen to negro records on the radio.)**

**The screaming, idiotic words, and savage music of these records are undermining the morals of our white youth in America.**

**Call the advertisers of the radio stations that play this type of music and complain to them!**

## Don't Let Your Children Buy, or Listen

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# MC5 / BACK IN THE USA

WELCOME TO THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS
KINGABURGER
"A MEAL FIT FOR A KING"
A DOUBLE DECK CHEESEBURGER ON A TRIPLE BUN
KING SIZED GRILLED SANDWICHES
FRIED CHICKEN · SEA FOOD PLATES
HOT DOGS · TACOS · CHILI
BURRITOS · BAR B Q BEEF
STEAK SANDWICHES · PIZZA
PASTRAMI SANDWICHES · MANY MORE
ALL FOOD ITEMS PURCHASED TO TAKE OUT SO..... TAKE HOME A BAG FULL!
COLD DRINKS · FROSTIES · SUNDAES · SHAKES
SEE OUR

## — By Wayne Davis —

I could well be the world's foremost authority on this LP. On the way it sounds, at least, having played it in it's entirety between three hundred and five hundred (who counts?) times. In fact, I just saw this record in a cut out rack which suggested two things to me--(1) I'd better replace my worn out copy now while I can still find it (I did) and (2) WHAT THE HELL IS THE GREATEST AMERICAN ROCK 'N' ROLL ALBUM OF MODERN HISTORY DOING IN A CUT OUT RACK??

I'll tell you why. Because it didn't sell, that's why. And that's a pity, too, because here's an LP that absolutely DRIPS brilliance off its grooves. An LP that, had it been a hit in early 1970 when it was released, would have been influential enough to have spawned a whole flock of blessfully incompetent imitations & thereby change the course of musical history forever. Or if not forever, then at least for a couple of years, anyway. Long enough to ensure that turning on the radio in early 1972 wouldn't have to be the real drag that it usually is.

It doesn't help, really, that most of the critics who literally blasted the shit out of this album have come back to it now. Now it's a bargain bin oldie, when it could have been a real landmark record. It got the shaft for all kinds of reasons, all of which had one thing in common: none of them had anything to do with the music contained on the album. And that's all that counts! If I told you that the Rolling Stones were hippie cult murderers who supported the Vietnam war & were responsible for 85% of the world's pollution, would it make BETWEEN THE BUTTONS sound any different? Nope, it might make you stop listening to it, but it wouldn't change the fact that it's a great album. Well, that may be hypothetical (maybe not) but the point is this: all that counts is what happens when that needle hits the grooves, and nothing else.

I mean people were criticising this record because it signified that the MC5 wanted to be popstars, because the MC5 deserted John Sinclair, because the lyrics contained no revolutionary rhetoric, because Jon Landau was producing it (rock critic envy on that one) and because--this one floors me--IT WAS PRETENTIOUS. Pretentious? What on earth is pretentious about a great rock and roll band trying to make a great rock and roll album? It might be pretentious for Simon & Garfunkel or James Taylor to try it, BUT THE MC5? WHAT ELSE COULD THEY DO?

Listen gang, I'm here to tell you DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THESE ROCK CRITICS! What do they know? Not one of 'em has bought an album in the last four years, they all get free copies. What do they know about spending your last four bucks on some supposed masterpiece, only to get home & find out it's a dud? Nothing, that's what! And don't listen to me, either, in a couple of

months when FLASH is on everybody's promo lists. But right now, we're not and I paid the full fare for BACK IN THE USA and just a couple of days ago spent another two bucks for a fresh copy out of the cut out racks, so I've given Atlantic Records six bucks and what they given me?

A great, great album. Man, I just love it. It's been #1 in this house for almost two years and playing it is a daily ritual, just like brushing your teeth or lighting up a cigarette in the morning.

After three or four hundred plays, one no longer hears it as merely a brilliantly executed rock and roll extravaganza; it becomes more, somehow. Sort of like the Band's second album, it's a portrait of America, but not the civil-war America that the Band dealt with which nobody alive today can relate to or refute, but 1960-70 America, the one everybody lives in. And instead of another "America Eats It" album, this one's a rock 'n' roll celebration of everything that's made us great. It's about McDonald's and jukeboxes, and fast cars, and highschool, and teenage lust, and basically HAVING FUN. You know, all the things that so many intellectuals have been trying to tell you was WRONG with America, that it has no culture, no depth, no tradition, no class. You know, the same type of people who don't dig the Seeds. Well, fuck them, Jack, this may be the hamburger culture, but it's the only thing we've ever known so those of us who dig it should tell these assholes to beat it--to go read a book or something for crissakes, to just LEAVE US ALONE. We wanna have some fun!

Yeah, 'cause this record is chock full of real honest-to-goodness authentic NEW American rock 'n' roll, and we haven't had any since the original kings stepped down. Or at least since the Beach Boys started meditating and the Standells hung up their guitar picks. None of this British shit. Give the English credit for copying American rock so well, from the DC5 to Shakin' Stevens & the Sunsets to the Beatles--I dig it, they're all great. They remembered what we forgot, and earn our thanks for that. But who could be better qualified to write and sing rock and roll than one of us? Well it sure ain't some late-blooming adolescent in England who was eating tea & crumpets five years ago while reading about gardening and had ever-so-nice manners while training as an apprentice baker so he could perhaps raise his social status that they're all so concerned with. Wouldn't you rather hear it from a bunch of American punks like yourself who've eaten at McDonald's and spent whole portions of their life cruisin' down Shakin' Street, and gone to highschool and dodged the draft? A bunch of kids who grew up in a land where rock and roll was a daily reality through a six inch speaker and not a rumor floating off the coast in a pirate radio station, or a half-hour a day thrill on the BBC.

What they need over there is a string of beautiful McDonald's & Jack In The Boxes, & Shakey's Pizza Palaces & Bob's Big Boys and all the-rest, from coast to coast. I mean if they're really serious about playing our music, well then they're just gonna have to understand what it's all about. They're WRONG, see. And now we're paying for the fact that we paid so much attention to them for the last six years because by and large they've grown tired of altering the old American jams of 15 years ago and have gone back to the only music they can REALLY understand: the Elton John, Cat Stevens, new John Lennon, Paul McCartney type of English schmaltz/folk/ballad shit. But for some inexplicable reason these radio programmers & record companies still think that England is fab or something and when they're not dominating the charts, then their influence is.

Who needs Cat Stevens and his "Peace Train," or Lennon's "Imagine?" Not only are they lousy rock songs (which disqualifies them right off the bat) but they're so incredibly simple minded that they constitute a massive insult to the intelligence of anyone old enough to buy a transistor radio. "Everybody wants peace," Nixon says, and for once he's right (maybe everybody but him, but that's beside the point). But is listening to Cat Stevens going to bring peace any sooner? Oh fuck,no it isn't and we both know this. When everybody wanted a hot rod they gave us hot rod music. So everybody wants peace and they give us peace music. And you can bet your balls that if Cat Stevens had been around back then, he'd have been churning out hot rod music by the truckload. And as for Lennon, who hasn't imagined that kind of world? It would be real nice, sure, BUT IT JUST AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN, and it would be a much healthier country if some more people would accept this. It's just as true as the fact that if you played "Imagine" for your landlord when he wants to know why

Side One

1. **TUTTI-FRUTTI**
   By Dorothy LaVostrie, Richard Penniman and Joe Lubin; Venice, Time: 1:27
2. **TONIGHT**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:32
3. **TEENAGE LUST**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:34
4. **LET ME TRY**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 4:12
5. **LOOKING AT YOU**
   By MC5; Total Energy Music, Time: 3:00

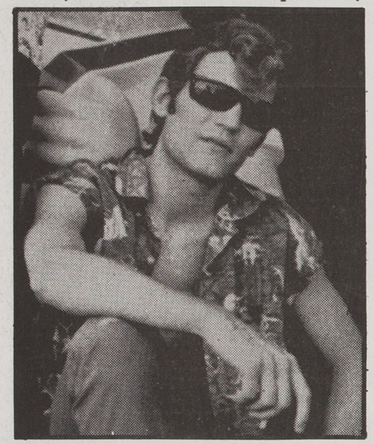
Side Two

1. **HIGH SCHOOL**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:39
2. **CALL ME ANIMAL**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:03
3. **THE AMERICAN RUSE**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:28
4. **SHAKIN' STREET**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:18
5. **THE HUMAN BEING LAWNMOWER**
   By MC5; Motor City Cotillion, Time: 2:22
6. **BACK IN THE USA**
   By Chuck Berry; Arc Music, Time: 2:35

The guitar solos on *Tutti-Frutti, Teenage Lust, Looking At You,* and the first and third choruses of *Back in the USA* are by Wayne Kramer. The guitar solos on *The American Ruse* and the second chorus of *Back in the USA* are by Fred Smith. Fred Smith sings the lead vocal on *Shakin' Street.* Special thanks to Danny Jordan who played all the keyboards.

the rent's two weeks late, that he'd bop you over the head with that fucking album. And with good reason, too, 'cause anybody that really and truly gets off on that song is a daydreaming fop, anyway. That's why they call it "Imagine," isn't it?

The point is this: the Swinging Medallions are smarter, better, and have more respect for you than either Lennon or Stevens because they KNOW that war is evil, that pollution is bad, that it would be really neat to live in a non-mercenary world, and all the rest, but even more important,



**Hey, wait a minute. Is this a record review or is this a THINLY VEILED POLITICAL DIATRIBE??**

THEY KNOW THAT YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS. The Swinging Medallions have that all-important awareness, but Lennon and these other clowns think you need this information, they think you're some kind of feeble brained idiot who prefers war to peace! Who prefers soot to clean air! Doesn't this make you mad?

The Swinging Medallions say "fuck it, we both know what's going on, why write a dumbshit folkie song and send out weird vibrations to innocent people, when we can write "Double Shot Of My Baby's Love" and give these kids something to dig forever." And I thank 'em for that.

What does all this have to do with BACK IN THE USA? A lot, that's what. But I'm not gonna disect it cut by cut, if you try to get clinical with this album it'd get up off the turntable & walk away laughing. Who could blame it?

But just listen to "High School," with it's great cheerleader chorus. Ain't no gear English band in the world who could write a song like that. Eric Clapton may be the best guitarist on earth, but has he ever dated a cheerleader? Or take "Shakin' Street," the best song on the album, all about that estatic drag in your very own home town! I mean, could they get any closer to your own experience? And it's a fantastic song too. Listen to "Tonight," and tell me it wouldn't sound beautiful coming out of an AM radio in your car at 60 m.p.h. And dig the beautifully true lyrics of Chuck Berry's "Back In The USA" itself:

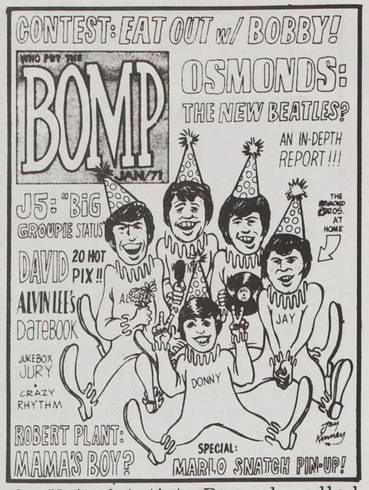
**Looked hard for a drive-in,**
**Searchin' for a corner cafe,**
**Where hamburgers sizzle**
**On an open grill nite & day**
**Yeah, and the jukebox is jumpin'**
**With records, like back in the USA!**

## Rockmags... From Page 7

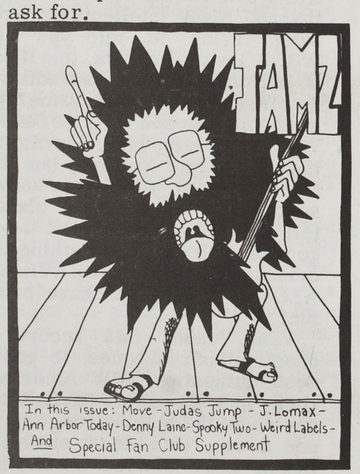
Rock, 1264 No. Hayworth Avenue, Hollywood, California 90046.

JAMZ: This one comes out of New York and deals with various aspects of the 60's. The first two issues dealt primarily with English rock and if you're at all interested in that stuff, try to get your hands on those. #3 is out now and supposedly deals with mid-sixties punk rock, and there's an issue I'd like to get MY hands on (send me a copy, willya Al?) Why do I want it? 'Cause Alan Betrock, the editor, is a fine writer and JAMZ is fascinating reading. Send 50¢ to 37-06 89th Street, Jackson Heights, New York 11372.

PROMAGS: I don't hate ROLLING STONE anymore--publishing this mag has given me a greater appreciation of their absolute professionalism, and they never claimed to be anything else but moneymakers, anyway. Besides, Ralph Gleason's column is always hilarious, and 60¢ for a good yuk-yuk is a real bargain nowadays. Now, if they'd start writing about rock'n'roll...CREEM has gotten bigger and slicker in the past year or so, but predictably they've lost a lot of the sock and unity of purpose that was their trademark. Dragging around that dead corpse of a counterculture with them everywhere they go slows 'em down too, but they do feature outstanding and knowledgeable writers like Lester Bangs, Greil Marcus, and Charlie Gillett, and in many respects they remain the top magazine in the field. Coming up fast on the inside, though, is a mag published



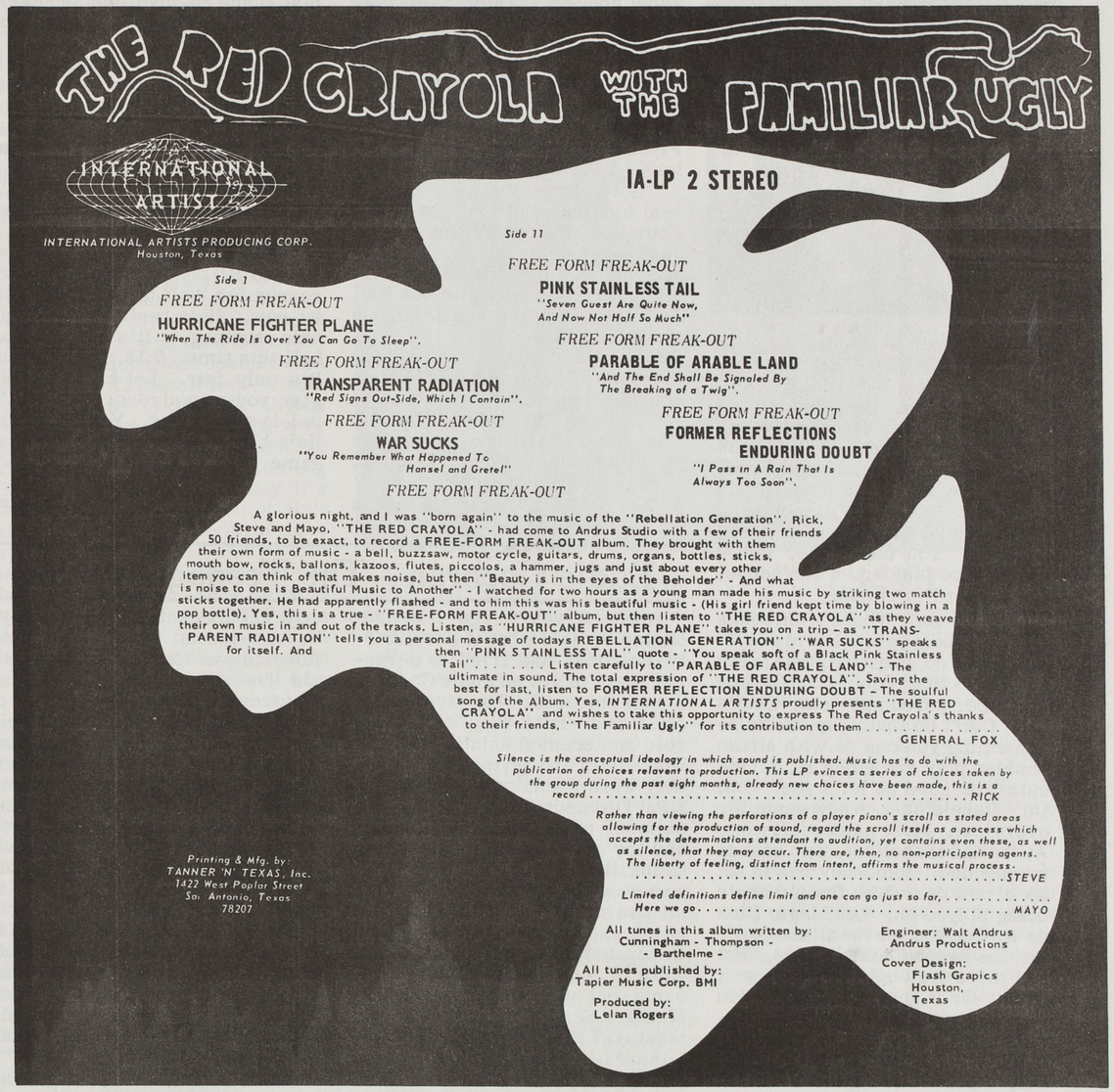

by United Artists Records called PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE. If you've never seen PRM, you're probably thinking "another tricky hype," but that just ain't the case here. Aside from maybe one or two full-page UA ads (which you'd see in any promag, anyway) it treats the contempory rock scene with intelligence and integrity, is beautiful graphically and features the best writers in the biz. Through a tie-in with the local AM bromide-rock station in LA, KDAY, it's distributed free here in record stores. Possibly this set-up exists where you live too. If not, $2.75 to PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE, 8824 Betty Way, West Hollywood, California 90069, will bring you a year's subscription. If you're still skeptical, I have a hunch they'll send you a sample copy if you send 'em a quarter for postage. Sponsoring a well written and edited rock mag like this one is the best promotion that UA could ask for.


JAMZ
In this issue: Move - Judas Jump - J. Lomax - Ann Arbor Today - Denny Laine - Spooky Two - Weird Labels - And Special Fan Club Supplement



THIRD IN A SERIES

# Liner Notes HALL OF FAME


THE RED CRAYOLA WITH THE FAMILIAR UGLY
INTERNATIONAL ARTIST
INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS PRODUCING CORP.
Houston, Texas
IA-LP 2 STEREO
Side 1
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE
"When The Ride Is Over You Can Go To Sleep".
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
TRANSPARENT RADIATION
"Red Signs Out-Side, Which I Contain".
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
WAR SUCKS
"You Remember What Happened To Hansel and Gretel"
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
Side 11
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
PINK STAINLESS TAIL
"Seven Guest Are Quite Now, And Now Not Half So Much"
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
PARABLE OF ARABLE LAND
"And The End Shall Be Signaled By The Breaking of a Twig".
FREE FORM FREAK-OUT
FORMER REFLECTIONS ENDURING DOUBT
"I Pass in A Rain That Is Always Too Soon".
A glorious night, and I was "born again" to the music of the "Rebellation Generation". Rick, Steve and Mayo, "THE RED CRAYOLA" - had come to Andrus Studio with a few of their friends 50 friends, to be exact, to record a FREE-FORM FREAK-OUT album. They brought with them their own form of music - a bell, buzzsaw, motor cycle, guitars, drums, organs, bottles, sticks, mouth bow, rocks, ballons, kazoos, flutes, piccolos, a hammer, jugs and just about every other item you can think of that makes noise, but then "Beauty is in the eyes of the Beholder" - And what is noise to one is Beautiful Music to Another" - I watched for two hours as a young man made his music by striking two match sticks together. He had apparently flashed - and to him this was his beautiful music - (His girl friend kept time by blowing in a pop bottle). Yes, this is a true - "FREE-FORM FREAK-OUT" album, but then listen to "THE RED CRAYOLA" as they weave their own music in and out of the tracks. Listen, as "HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE" takes you on a trip - as "TRANSPARENT RADIATION" tells you a personal message of todays REBELLATION GENERATION". "WAR SUCKS" speaks for itself. And then "PINK STAINLESS TAIL" quote - "You speak soft of a Black Pink Stainless Tail". . . . . Listen carefully to "PARABLE OF ARABLE LAND" - The ultimate in sound. The total expression of "THE RED CRAYOLA". Saving the best for last, listen to FORMER REFLECTION ENDURING DOUBT - The soulful song of the Album. Yes, INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS proudly presents "THE RED CRAYOLA" and wishes to take this opportunity to express The Red Crayola's thanks to their friends, "The Familiar Ugly" for its contribution to them . . . . . GENERAL FOX
Silence is the conceptual ideology in which sound is published. Music has to do with the publication of choices relavent to production. This LP evinces a series of choices taken by the group during the past eight months, already new choices have been made, this is a record . . . . . RICK
Rather than viewing the perforations of a player piano's scroll as stated areas allowing for the production of sound, regard the scroll itself as a process which accepts the determinations attendant to audition, yet contains even these, as well as silence, that they may occur. There are, then, no non-participating agents. The liberty of feeling, distinct from intent, affirms the musical process. . . . . STEVE
Limited definitions define limit and one can go just so far, . . . . . Here we go . . . . . MAYO
Printing & Mfg. by: TANNER 'N' TEXAS, Inc. 1422 West Poplar Street San Antonio, Texas 78207
All tunes in this album written by: Cunningham - Thompson - - Barthelme -
All tunes published by: Tapier Music Corp. BMI
Produced by: Lelan Rogers
Engineer: Walt Andrus Andrus Productions
Cover Design: Flash Grapics Houston, Texas

## Rockin' Ron From Page 11

a big chain and medallion around his neck, the man whose song "Woman Love" ("a-fuggin' all the time") and "Dance To The Bop" ("where the cats pick 'em up and lay them down") and "Rollin' Danny" ("lined six women up against the wall, and I'm telling you man, this cat, he pulled 'em all") were banned in the 50's. Gene, the man who's considered the number one idol by Jim Morrison, Joe Cocker, Rod Stewart, John Fogerty, John Lennon, etc., Gene, he dies of bleeding ulcers pennyless after getting 40 bucks on one nite stands in third rate bars!!!!!! Capitol refuses to release any of his stuff in spite of the fact that his double Memorial LP out in France is one of the years top sellers!!!!

But in spite of Capitol and KHJ and the "underground" F.M. stations (with all their pseudo-intellectual sophisticated jive) and the so-called "rock" critics, who consider Jethro Tull a Rock group!!!! Ha, goddam, tell me where the fuck is the Rock???? Jethro and McCartney and Harrison are as much "rock" as Peggy Lee!!!! Well anyway, in spite of all this, the kids, with the help of such Rock Freedom Fighters as Greg Shaw and Mark Shipper here in the U.S.A.

Continued on Page 30

## Current Albums

# J. Geils: The Morning After

Peter Wolf is a lousy checker player. He's worse that me. He's worse than you. You can beat him. I can beat him. He takes out his board. Carries it everywhere. Made of ivory. Got his name on it in gold. Brand new checkers. He can't win. Got to lose. If you leave the room he'll move the pieces. But he still won't win. No way. You can't lose. If it's him you're playing. I can't lose. If it's him I'm playing.

So let's see. There's ten songs on this album by him and his boys. You can't do an entire game in ten moves so that's out. Can't do one move per person per cut. That's out. Can't do that. Um. Gotta be something you can do with album besides play and enjoy it. All the cuts are good so let's see. Um. Uh. Here's one. A new game for every cut. Most pieces left wins. At the end of each cut. Two boards are needed. Somebody has to set up a new one while the old one's being played on. Let Magic Dick do it. Can you see the album cover for the second board? Yes. But you must draw all the boxes on it first. Or it gets confusing. You won't know where to move anything to.

"I Don't Need You No More." Only 2:35. So it's gonna be a fast one but not that fast. It only takes two seconds to make a move. But you can take as long as you want. Within reason. Wolf loses no matter what.

"Whammer Jammer." One second shorter. 2:34. Wolf ain't even on it. Magic Dick is. And the game's being played on the board he set up. Wolf loses again.

"So Sharp." A little longer. Some time to stretch out and use some checker strategy. 3:09 is a long time. But not long enough for Wolf. Another loss for him.

"The Usual Place." Down a bit to 2:44. Faster moves cause it's on the album cover board. Cellophane. Less friction than ivory. Friction won't help Wolf. His loss. Your win.

"Gotta Have Your Love." A real long one. But don't get cocky. Four in a row doesn't mean shit. Just concentrate on every move and you got it. It's 4:32 but it might be over in 4 minutes flat. But take your time and it's five in a row for you.

Take your piss break before side two. So you come back to an unfucked board.

"Looking for a Love." 3:45. Nice time. More than the average for side one. You win again.

"Gonna Find Me a New Love." 3:23. If it's getting monotonous just beating Wolf why not listen to his songs of love and laughter. Good idea but don't feel sorry for him.

"Cry One More Time." 3:21. Can you notice the two-second difference between the last one and this? See if you can. You can win with your eyes closed by now.

"Floyd's Hotel." 3:08. It's a sprint this time. You can make it if you try.

"It Ain't What You Do (It's How You Do It!)." Yeah there's every reason for Wolf to be crazy baby by now. He's reeling more than he's rocking. It's longer than hell this time. 5:12. Let him win. It's only fair. Let him win. He gave you a good record. Okay it's 9-1 in your favor. You're happy. He's happy cause he won the last game. Everybody's happy. Good.

—R. Meltzer

# Eddie Cochran—The Teenage Genius

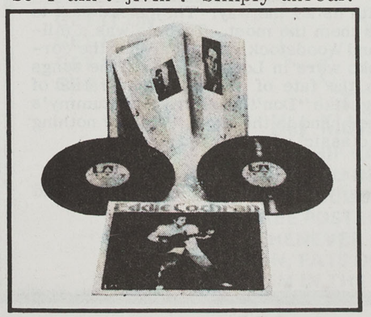
About 2 years ago I went to United Artists (then it was Liberty Records) and tried to persuade them to get an Eddie Cochran album released. The first phone calls and visits they were quite cold and seemed uninterested. A while later though they announced they were gonna come out with an LP; I immediately wrote the sensational news to all Rock Clubs and the many Eddie Cochran Fan Clubs throughout the world and I was swamped by mail asking me all the minute particulars about unreleased tracks, etc. etc. And we waited and waited and waited ...for 2 long years--finally U.A. came out with this "Legendary Master Series" double album. What do I think about it? Goddam, I think it's great, I mean it's the best in the West and the most in the East to say the least!!! I wasn't expecting anything like this, indeed U.S. Record Companies usually despise Rock'nRoll Music and rip you off with stinking jackoff jackets, only 10 or 11 songs and no liner notes nor a goddam thing (oh they may use red velvet to cover a Led Zeppelin album but they go look for re-channeled sun-dried cow-shit to make the paper for a Gene Vincent L.P. jacket) but not the boys U. A.--indeed good old Bill Roberts and Marty Cerf (who is a kid just like you and me) plus Motorcycle John (the terror of Canada) with conscientious help from Laurie and not forgetting Rodney Bingenheimer (I wonder what he'll give me in return for plugging his name) plus my many obscene telephone calls to prod them to get it going, anyway all these cats really got a hell of an album together. The cover is in black and white with an incredible REAL ROCK pose of Eddie with his legs spread and slightly bent, playing his guitar, wearing embroidered cowboy pants, sideburns and an expression on his face that really reveals the kinda Rock genius he was.

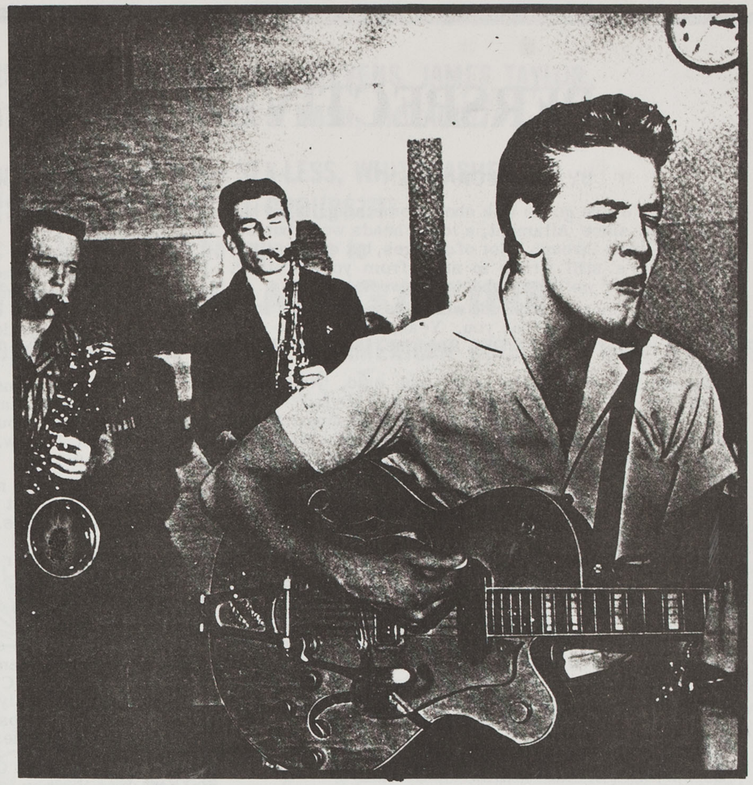
Inside there is a five page history, written with both feeling and factuality by Lenny Kaye and it's sprinkled with some fine photos. Anyway, so much for all this yapping, let's go to what really matters: the music.

Side one's got "Skinny Jim,"& "Jeannie Jeannie Jeannie" two fab wild Stompers, also "Let's Get Together" which is really almost the same song as "C'mon Everybody" "Eddie's Blues" is sandwiched between the other fast songs and must be heard to be believed: here Eddie gets a chance to show his "guit-art" playing skill fully--it's 3:55 minutes of instrumental madness that would make Eric Crapton's balls (if he had any) spin counter-clockwise! Cochran is a goddam genius! "Little Lou" is average Rock (still better than most of the dogshit around nowadays). "Something Else" is just that, with its fracassing drums, juicy lyrics and sensual vocal, and last, but not least, is "Pink Pegged Slacks"--now if the title doesn't already get you, then you'll flip over the demented wild jiving lyrics, super greasy voice and savage backing! But, hell, play this real loud!!!

Side two by comparison is poor, having many very rare (but not too exciting) tracks, some very early which are almost C&W and some on which Eddie doesn't even sing himself, indeed Hank Cochran (no relation) does it. "Latch On" and "I'm Ready" are very fine rockabilly, "Three Stars" is about Holly, Valens and the Big Bopper and you may say it's corny, but what the hell it ain't as corny as a hippie with his love symbols and flowers and all that jazz, especially considering the fact that Eddie was very close to Buddy Holly and Ritchie Valens and the sorrow for their death was real and comes thru with honest sincerity; "Cotton Picker" is another track on this side and I find this song somewhat silly, still side two is far better than all the sterilized over-produced shit on the radio.

Side three is almost impossible to be true, I mean how could this be? All my stupid talking couldn't describe it--you already know about "Summertime Blues" and "Cut Across Shorty" then we have "Milk Cow Blues" where Eddie does the impossible: he does this number greasier, drippinger and sexier than Elvis!!! And early Elvis is my No. 1 fave, so I ain't jivin'! Simply unreal!



"Blue Suede Shoes" is also all right, and "C'mon Everybody"is another masterpiece, surpassed maybe by "Nervous Breakdown," and if these songs are the best rock music ever, then you oughta listen to the lyrics and you'll realize that they are even better! "My Way" is perhaps my fave track: musically it's savagery and lyrically it's got a message like I wanna do my own thing, my own way or no way, so just let me do my own thing. I readily accept this as my philosophy.

Side four has "Sittin' In The Balcony" which is a little too "pop" and sugary for my tastes. "Twenty Flight Rock" tells the story about this cat who is visiting his chick and gotta climb 20 floors to get to her pad and by the time he gets there, he is too tired to Rock (i.e. to fuck) and the music matches the lyrics perfectly; another succulent gem, this one. "Weekend" and "Bo Weevil" are just common (but still outstanding) Cochran sides and "Hallelujah I Love Her So" is one of the first rock sides to use strings, but--BUT, they are used the right way, indeed they come in like swords every now and then, and, rather than whitewash the song, they accentuate magnificently its hard rock sound; if this sounds incredible, I don't blame you--I HATE strings and would never think they could improve rock, but here they do! "Fourth Man Theme" is shit which has nothing to do with rock. "Teenage Cutie." previously unreleased, not even in Europe where everything has come out, is raw sex-mad "Sun" sound rockabilly with a drugging slap bass, I mean, Jesus, just listen to the damn thing yourself, I couldn't possibly describe it!

Eddie was a rare genius; he wrote most of these masterpieces himself, played guitar in all of them and produced, arranged and played all instruments (thanks to overdubbing) in many; indeed he was perhaps the first Rocker to use overdubbing techniques and the kid was only 17-18!!! 15-17 years ago!!! Today where everything must be "relevant" according to these jackoff "underground" intellectuals, it is refreshing to listen to Eddie who really IS relevant (maybe even more today than in the fifties) but in a REAL honest way and without being boring for one instant, but always keeping a crazy boppin' All-American teenage sense of humor and frantic Super Wild Rockin' Beat!

—Rockin' Ron

# PERSPECTIVES: WHO WE ARE

BY RALPH CRAMDEN

Listen. We've got to talk about something. A lot has gone down since Altamont, a lot of heads were busted, we've all been through a lot of changes, but one fact remains: it's still wrong to steal from your brother. (Your sister we'll talk about next week.)

But why, you ask. Any dude who owns a record store's got a lot more bread than you. Yeah, he does. So do I, for that matter. But I WORK for mine. So quit lying to yourself.

Remember--it wasn't Lenny who said, "the world owes me a living." And it wasn't Dylan, either.

I was talking with an otherwise likable young cat yesterday who confessed that he was stealing (or to use his words, "ripping off") between four and five albums a week. He felt no moral compunction about this, however. "The music is for the people, man, I paid for it the day I was born," was his rationale.

What bullshit.

Look--ripping off is stealing. Plain and simple. And it doesn't matter if it's the telephone company, General Motors, or the milkman. Stealing is stealing. And stealing is bad.

All right. So Bob fell off his motorcycle--he didn't cry. We cried. We cried because the fact remains that we need him. You need him; I need him. And we must --if we truly believe in a New Morning--help him to get that bike rolling again. Maybe Highway 61 did come to a dead end at the Altamont Speedway, but so what? This dude thinks you're fine.

So the time for games is over--we have to take the responsibility for our own actions.

That's the message of the I-Ching, that was the message of "Easy Rider," that was the message of "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream."

Either put up or shut up.

That's just what Nixon and Agnew and Mitchell and Tommy James and Bill Drake have been trying to do to us for the last three years. But we won't get fooled again, Peter Townshend says, and right he is.

But back to Altamont. Doesn't anyone remember what Pigpen said after it happened? I don't--I'd appreciate anyone who does writing me in care of this magazine.

But that's not what Bobby died for. A New Frontier, yes. A New Deal, no.

And stealing records; where does that fit in? Let me tell you about Leopold's in Berkeley. I was there talking to Big Friendly Harry yesterday, and asked him about the problem.

And he said, "what problem?"

And then he added, "we can't get the chemicals out of our food unless we write to our congressman. And if that doesn't work, then by any means necessary!"

"But what about stealing records, Harry?"

"No, Ralph, that won't help either."

So register. You've got the power...they finally gave it to you, so use it. I can still remember my first vote, Roosevelt coming up for his second term. And I can still remember the hope I had. The trust I placed in an incredibly-blind adult society.

So vote.

There's a lot of other nonsense going down in the counter-culture, and we might take this opportunity to turn some of it around in our heads.

First, let's talk about the Family Dog. It was a good experiment. It taught us a lot. But not enough.

No, not enough. And Bill Graham. Christ, we all know what he put us through. And Jorma--up against the wall! And right he was. And now it's just Paul and Grace.

Why didn't it happen? Or did it? Do you know? Nope, you don't know. I know. I'm Ralph Cramden. I put up the money to start this rag.

Jorma's failure is our collective failure. For the essence of a truly creative hip community is the ability to throw out the bullshit, to establish a kinship, a togetherness, a family, to obliterate the crass generalizations of adult society and get down to specifics.

That's why the deaths of Janis and Jimi have hurt us so terribly. God knows what a difference they could have made.

But they're gone, and predictably, ultimately, the rumor-mongers have come in their wake. Was she a lesbian? Are you? Do you know? Nope, you don't know. But I know. I'm Cramden. I put up the money to start this rag.

But lesbian or not, nothing Jimi did could ever be touched. He didn't sing like Big Mama, but Janis could. And our little Janis. Janis couldn't model for the plaster casters, but Jimi could. So could I. But they never asked me. Neither did Janis. But Jimi did. But I never answered. But the hip community did.

So the question is, who's next?

But while we're on the subject, I'd like to read you a quote from the San Francisco Chronicle of January 8.

"SAN FRANCISCO--A threat to launch a series of bombings nationally as a tool to free 'political prisoners' was given substance Friday (Jan. 7) when the plotters revealed where nine bombs had been planted."

Bullshit. Jerry Garcia knows it. Janis knew it. And now Jann Wenner is finding out the hard way.

What concrete purpose could it all serve? If we're going to build a new America, why start in the ashes of an old one? Why not start with the tools we have here already? That was the message of Lenny's "Religions Inc.," that is the message Question Mark & the Mysterians inject into everything they've ever written.

But Bill Graham aside, the new world cannot wait. People are dying. Perhaps we need more superstars--more George Harrisons, Leon Russells, Badfingers, and so on. To work free, one night a year, to aid the orphans of our adopted home. The U.N. couldn't help them, Nixon couldn't help them, Mitchell wouldn't help them, Bill Drake doesn't know who they are, and I gave at the office.

And yet, it is George Harrison who bravely, courageously, decided to go to work for one whole night to raise money that he could, if he were lazier, have merely drawn out of his bank account. It made me feel good, I know it made him feel good. They say we don't cry any more. But was there a dry eye in Madison Square Garden, let alone an untouched soul, when Billy Preston began singing "That's The Way God Planned It?"

But forget Bangla Desh. I already have. Let's talk about something important: John and Yoko.

They've been with us all the way. They stood next to us when we needed them the most. Toronto was a million miles away, and Woodstock was just around the corner. John and Yoko were in London, writing the songs that would change the fate of an entire generation of young people. Songs like "Don't Worry Kyoko (Mummy's only looking for her hand in the snow,)" to say nothing of the sociological classic, "How Do You Sleep."

Christ, what a pair.

Dick Cavett knows it, and I think he's willing to stand next to us too.

Are you?

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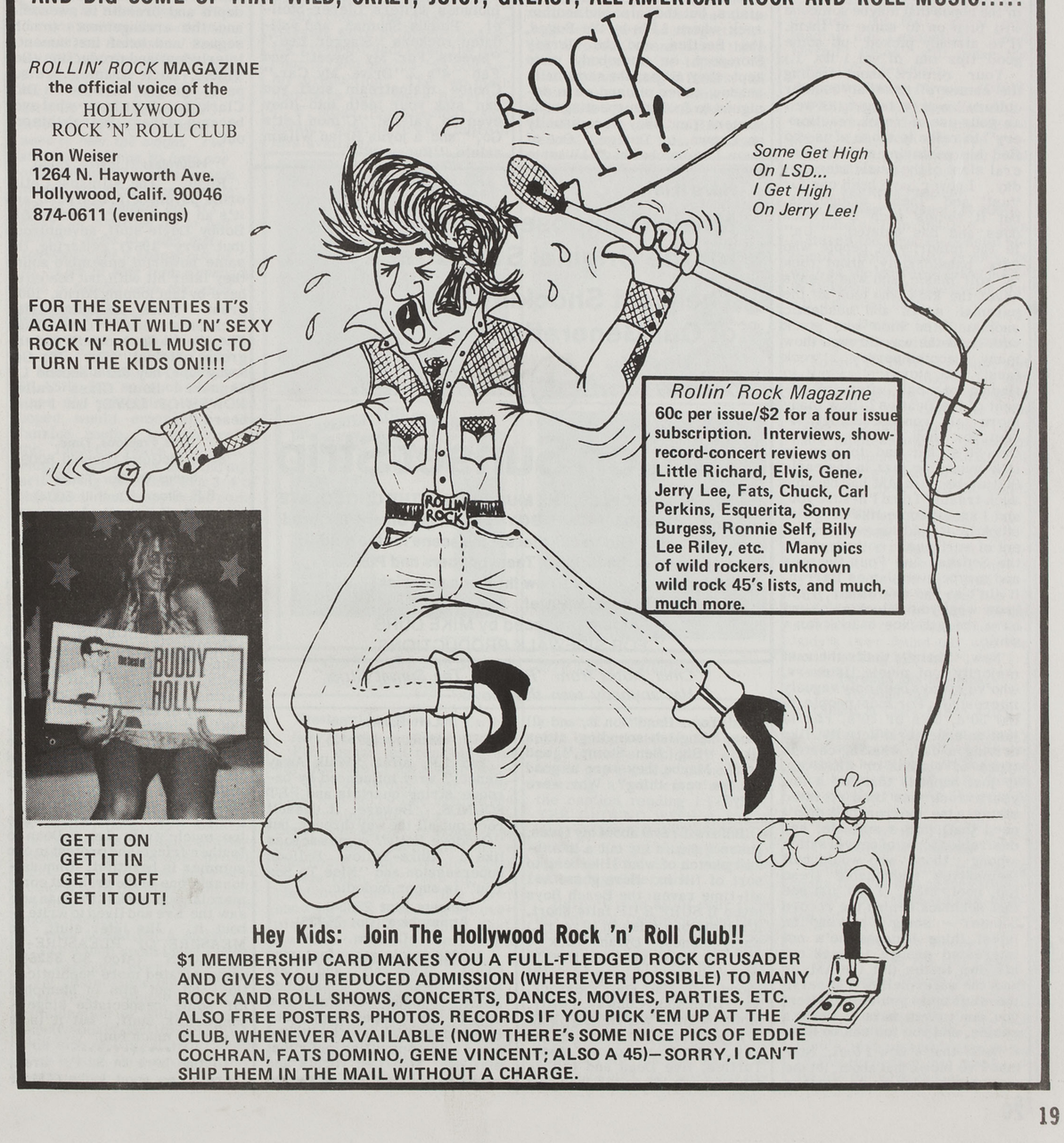


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# Esoterica

## Gene Sculatti

1600 Laguna St. Apt. E
Concord, Calif. 94520

Many thanks for sending me the first FLASH. Great! You've introduced a number of new perspectives on this thing (r&r), and the whole mag gives off the same kind of joy that Greg's BOMP and Ron Weiser's ROLL-IN ROCK do. I am enclosing my list of obscure/bargain LP's in the hopes that maybe someone will turn on to some of them. (I've already picked up some good tips out of vol.1 no. 1.)

Your remark about finding the nature of the real "counter culture" was on target, as well as your use of "rock reactionary" to refer to those of us who find hip posturing and the general slant of the music scene today. I never have been one for "us" and "them" categories, but it seems such a division does and has existed. "Us" is the minority of people who care, passionately, about rock 'n' roll music, and who always have; the kids who took all the parental scorn and academic snobism, the kids who stuck with it all the way through (how many contemporary "rock fans" and "critics" admit to finding r&r only after the advent of the Beatles? How many more talk condescendingly about how they dug the Rock of the 50's, but had to turn to folk music or jazz in the early Sixties because AM had become such trash)? I (and I'm sure you, and I know people like Greg did) stuck by it, and dug every moment of surf music, hotrod music, the Sedakas and Four Seasons and maybe even James Darren. It ain't so bad now either, if you know what you're lookin' for and have the patience to look for a while.

Now, "them"; that's the vast majority of music listeners, who've always been only vaguely interested. For most people, in the 50's, 60's or 70's, r&r is just an ephemeral activity, like driving a car, wearing certain types of clothes or whatever. It just happens that for a few years rock has been elevated status-wise (horrors! it didn't need that) into a suitable, nay desirable, topic of conversation among those who would call themselves fashionable (read hip, cool, etc.). I can just see that schmuck behind the record counter - smugly playing the latest thing because he's not interested enough to seek out his own tastes (let the AM, or now the supermellow FM serve the stuff up to you on a platter; you don't even have to make a choice, and you too can be Hip).

Well, that's how I feel. Now that I've blown that about, let me extend a handshake to another Paul Revere fan. I just got onto "Just Like Us" last summer and love it to death. Don't give up on Sam the Sham; the "Wooly Bully" album is good and raunchy, sloppy Texas hairboy music. "On Tour" is even better.

You know a whole slough of stuff that never got any serious attention was the rash of Beatle-imitation LP's going for 69¢ back in Jan. 1964. Remember when you went into a Safeway Super-S or White Front, they had 18 million copies of "Meet The Beatles" on racks by the aisles, but they also had another rack where LP's by the Buggs, the Beetles, and the Mersey Stompers or somebody were kept; they all had the same half-shadow cover pix and were designed to fool unsuspecting consumers (and they were usually on Crown, or Design.) One of them I remember had "I Want to Hold Your Hand" on it, and all these English-sounding titles like "Big Ben Stomp," and stuff. Maybe they were as good as the real thing? Who were they?

Before I rave about my faves, guess I should lay out a thumbnail sketch of what I like best, to sort of fill in. Here goes: A#1 all-time raves: the Beach Boys (even if SURF'S UP falls short, it's their one miss in 10 years.) Early Stones, Dylan rock 'n roll, all Band (yeah, CAHOOTS too,) all Spector, wop-rock but above all the Four Seasons, Neil Diamond, Conway Twitty, Mothers thru WE'RE ONLY IN IT. Also Van Morrison all the way, ditto for Lonnie Mack, Turtles, live Dead and Quicksilver from '66 to '68 (because it really did happen, and I was lucky enough to be there), Flame, Jan & Dean, J. Geils, Hollies, Kinks and Jerry Lee, all late 50's and early 60's AM stuff. New stuff that I'm already sold on: Alice Cooper 100%, Commander Cody & crew, T. Rex, Daddy Cool, and, 1971's finest albums, BAD RICE (Ron Nagle) and REDWING. (Almost forgot: Crazy Horse 1st LP, & LITTLE FEAT too). Here's the list:

**You Make Me Feel So Good**
McCoys (Bang 213)

Snazzy Bang Records New York AM fare; allstar pop cast includes writers Lieber-Stoller, Pomus-Shuman, and validated rockers "Stagger Lee," "Sweets For My Sweet" and Fab 4's "Drive My Car." Choice mainstream stuff you can sink your teeth into (they even do Valens' "C'mon Let's Go," and a joyus Brian Wilson salute, "Runaway").

**Here It Is!**

**Music Composed for the Original Soundtrack of**

**The Most Shocking Film of Our Generation!**

American International PICTURES

**Riot on Sunset Strip**

**...THE STANDELLS, THE MUGWUMPS, THE CHOCOLATE WATCH BANDS, MOM'S BOYS and all the others, featured in their wild, wild tracks that set the scene for the mod, mod world of the Hippies, Teenyboppers and Pot-Partygoers . . . out for a new thrill or a new kick! Here it is and here they are!**

Album produced by MIKE CURB
FOR SIDEWALK PRODUCTIONS

*Liner Notes from "Riot On The Sunset Strip." Has anybody seen this movie?*

**Left Banke Too**
Mercury (67113)

2nd LP, after "Walk Away Renee," very influenced by baroque string quartets and PET SOUNDS. Beware: it doesn't rock out all the way through, but "Goodbye Holly" comes across like a Kinks-Yellow Balloon supersession and "Nice To See You" is super melodic.

**Colours** (Dot 25854)
**Atmosphere** (Dot 25935)
Colours

A 1968 studio group featuring Chuck Blackwell and Carl Radle, these are unashamed Beatle-sounding albums (and better by miles than Moby Grape's WOW). Both are brimming with compelling melodies, stylistic Mac-Len vocals and some of the tastiest arrangements ever. The inspiration for COLOURS is solely SGT. PEPPER, but ATMOSPHERE stretches out a bit, with savory lead licks and totally sympathetic horn charts. How a song like "Angie" could go unnoticed so long is beyond me. One of the best-programmed sets I've heard.

**Graffiti** (ABC 663)

Of all the 1969 Springfield-Grape "West Coast influenced" groups (Bodine, Stained Glass, now Cochise too), my favorites, from D.C. I think. This LP hit me over the head years ago and still does: the band's composing depth and breadth is awesome, and the arrangements (mucho segues and brief instrumental interludes) and production (Bob Thiele, Eddie Kramer) are superb. Caught 'em once on Dick Clark, but don't know what ever became of them. Search this one out.

**Hourglass** (Liberty 7536)

Right. The Allmans' California psychedelic soul band, and it's an ass-kicker. Funky r&b, Bobby Doyle stuff, adventurous (but very 1967) guitaring, the same powerful ensemble sound they later hit with, but beefed up here by taut looping horns. 100% great tunes (including Deon Jackson's jubilant "Love Makes The World Go Around" and the group original "Got To Get Away".) They did a second LP as the Hour Glass called POWER OF LOVE, but I ain't heard it.

**This Precious Time**
Barry McGuire (Dunhill 5005)
**Songs Of Our Times**
P.F. Sloan (Dunhill 5004)
**Twelve More Times**
P.F. Sloan (Dunhill 5007)

Shell out 50¢ and bring it all back home to 1965 with these dandy gems of unadulterated folk-rock, L.A. version. Wow! Dig the pix and Andy Wickham-hype on PRECIOUS TIME'S backside; it was all happening then- the Strip, Cher's flared bells, the Child of Our Times, harmonicas and granny glasses, and any of these sets document the age with super accuracy. McGuire's bombastic style murders the Dylan stuff and "Let Me Be" and it's a joy to watch! Lou Adler and the Dunhill family are lurking throughout all this. Sloan's LP's are too much: from Jan & Dean to leather fringe and protest in one summer is beautiful! Unquestionably one of the greatest commercial pop hacks, the man who saw the Eve and lived to write about it. His later stuff, on MEASURE OF PLEASURE-P. F. SLOAN (Atco SD 33268), demonstrated more sophistication and put him in Memphis for some respectable singer-songwriter stuff, but it isn't nearly as much fun.

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Living here in S. F. area, there's no good jocks (AM or FM); as you know, San Francisco considers itself the epicenter of 'hipness' and this regionalism has affected almost every aspect of radio.* But, up in Sacramento, it's another story. They used to have some wild ravers, and now KNDE (AM) has a Wolfman-Jack imitator called "the Kandy-man." This guy is bad, but he's committed his airwaves existence to emulating his idol every Fri. & Sat. nite from 500 miles away! Maybe I can get you a tape of him.

*3 cheers for L. A.-the most ALIVE place on the planet!

*Yeah, on good days it really is. Clean air isn't everything, y'know. I'm not too familiar with the records you mention. I have the McCoys' first LP, "Hang On Sloopy," but it ain't all that hot. I did find their "C'mon Let's Go" on a 45 and it's beautiful. Makes me really want to hear the album. I've also been wanting to hear one of those pseudo-Beatles records myself, but every time I locate one in some bargain bin, it's always all scratched up to hell. (Which I guess is a sign that somebody got a charge out of it). Like to hear from somebody who is familiar with this stuff.*

## Curt Eddy

5335 NW Loop 410 Apt. 208
San Antonio, Texas 78229

Many thanks for sending me FLASH. It's so much along the lines of something that I had hoped would emerge via the fanzine route. I much prefer the 1963-68 years to what's ringing in the 70's and find myself diving into that era 3/4 of the time. I'm happy to see comments of other collectors filling most of the pages of the first issue. The idea of re-printing old liner notes and ads is all any mid-Sixties rocker could ask. Also, glad somebody realized the Raiders' worth. I've included some comments on particular albums which I feel are noteworthy. All were obtained from Bargain Bins at one time or another for under one dollar:

**Green Tamborine**
Lemon Pipers (Buddah 5009)

Before contorting faces and clutching sides in hysteria, lemme tell ya this ain't so bad. Ivan Browne has an extremely interesting voice and at one time or another the group sounds like the '66 Byrds, Buffalo, and psychedelica at it's most prominent. Too bad these guys were lumped with the other gum balls as they were far and away the most talented.

**Holy Moses!** (RCA 4523)

I've raved about these Upper-NY hotshots ever since their first album came out in April of last year. Simply a brilliant combination of white-hot rock, boozy vocals, and the best lyrics this side of Billy Batson. Needless to say, they never got anywhere . . .

**65 The Shangra-Las**
(Red Bird 20-104)

This is my only La's album but if the others are only half as good, I'll dig through every Thrifty in town. Contains "Give Us Your Blessing," "The Boy," and a super version of "You Cheated."

**Live Kinks** (Reprise 6260)

Not much to say that any collector with half an interest in rock couldn't tell you. The audience is so vocal you'd hafta consider them a member of the Kinks for that night.

**Tell Em I'm Surfin'**
Fantastic Baggies (Imperial 12270)

Surprise of the month . . . The Baggies were primarily a backing group for Jan/Dean, the Ripchords, and any '63-'65 Lou Adler production. The two main members were Steve Barri and P. F. Sloan. Extraordinary surf music. Wish there were more of this available.

## Ed Ward

16a Glen Drive
Sausalito, Calif. 94965

*(Ed. Note: Ed's letter came on Flash Magazine stationary, which is interesting because we don't have any).*

Yes, this is a letterhead from the magazine all us outawork Rolling Stoners were gonna start back when, but we never got money. Your FLASH is the third I've seen. One is a German pop mag that reprints press releases from American record companies. The second is a monthly mag from the lake country of Nigeria with a music column that must be read to be believed--there is a huge, thriving afrorock scene over there that has yet to be tapped. It will be, tho--Ginger Baker ("all great master drummer" to FLASH's musicolumnist) is starting up a label in Britain to record some of this "Afrodelic" stuff. They also have a column by a prostitute, and on one page there's a picture of this black guy picking his nose and wearing a policeman's outfit, the caption reading I FORKED THE GROUND WITH A STICK AND CAME UP WITH A THIGH BONE. I'll try to get you their address--this is a magazine with a big difference.

Haven't read all of your first ish yet, but I skimmed the Erotica--whoops, I mean Esoterica section, and being of the missionary persuasion felt I had to turn people on to a few of my very favorites, especially because some of those people whose letters you printed (Saunders especially) have extremely idiosyncratic tastes--almost as bad as Lester, in fact--and experience has shown me that my slightly - more - mainstream tastes have unearthed a number of true classics that perhaps your readers might well like to hear about. I'm waiting for a couple of phone calls right now, so I'll just expend some nervous energy and itemize my list of classics.

And so, in alphabetical order (cuz that's how they're filed here next to the typrwriter) we present:

**Autosalvage** (RCA 3940)

I used to recommend this to my rock & roll class--these guys are early New York acid rock, and probably not for everybody, but their great jam leading into Leadbelly's "Good Mornin' Blues" will make the lame dance fer sher.

**American Dream** (Ampex 10101)

Philly's craziest countercultural contribution. Includes a phone call from the lead guitarist to his grandmother, and some killuh rocknroll.

**Worker's Playtime**
B.B. Blunder (Polydor 24-4060)

Insanity from the U.K., this features the first successful attempt at polytonality in rock, as well as the golden pipes of Joolie Driscoll and some music that will fry your hair.

**Despite It All**
Brinsley Schwarz (Capitol 744)

Forget their first album, and forget the one that's due out soon. Something happened when they made this one, and even those who hate goodvibes laid-back hippie acoustic music go for this bizarre combination of all that's good about Van Morrison, the Dead, and the Band.

**Vintage Violence**
John Cale (Columbia 1037)

Cale is strange, but his music is totally accessable and his lyrics, while obscure, will getcha, especially if you live in New York or did once. Pedal steels duet on "Please" and nobody's ever found out who the band backing him is.

**Through the Morning, Through the Night**
Dillard & Clark (A&M 4203)

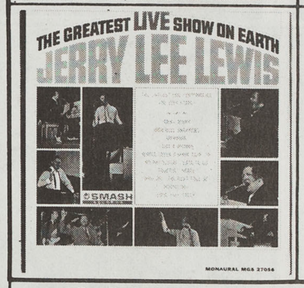
One of the very best country rock attempts. Title cut is especially haunting, and has some nice harmony stuff on it. Heads and shoulders above the rest of this genre.

**All of the Flamin' Groovies' records**

Damn--why didn't they ever make it. The new aggregation--called The Dogs--is now looking for a label.

**Where's the Money**
Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks
(Blue Thumb 29)

The world is waiting for this group--and here they are. 40's showmanship, 1950's lyrics, 1960's instrumental expertise, 1970's recording job. Soul music for the very drunk.



*Grafitti, Brinsley Schwarz, Jerry Lee's brilliant live album, and the Live Kinks.*

**Greatest Live Show On Earth**
Jerry Lee Lewis (Smash 67056)

I'm gonna get real bold and say that this is the most powerful live recording ever made. This was Jerry Lee circa 1964 in Birmingham, Ala. "High Heel Sneakers," "Long Tall Sally," and "Memphis" were knockouts but "Whole Lotta Shakin Goin On" blew the fans right outta the hall. The cover showing JLL climbing all over piano and hair is classic. God, I wish he'd rock like this again!

*Yeah, we can agree on that one. His version of "Chantilly Lace" is really fine--probably a national hit by the time you read this--but whoever it was that decided to add strings to it should be taken out and shot! If there's one thing JLL doesn't need, it's strings!*

# Esoterica

**The Insect Trust** (Capitol 109)
**Hoboken Saturday Night**
(Atco 33-313)

Here goes. This is my very favorite recorded rock group of all time. Their tale is a tragic one: an incompetent manager/producer, a lead guitarist whose eccentricities outweighed his brilliance, two record companies who did not give a flying fuck, and, finally, they gave up--and who could blame them? Imagine a group that wanted to synthesize every possible form of American music all into one sound: mountain music, free jazz, rock, band concerts in the park, Booker T, and Skip James. That's the Insect Trust. They succeeded, too, and if they'd had a decent PA, they could have easily duplicated their sound live. The second album is better than the first, and they're both impossible to find, but well worth the search. On their second album, they were helped out by free jazz bassist Bill Folwell, and Elvin Jones drums on two cuts, including the amazing "Our Sister The Sun." Since when they broke up, they REALLY broke up (as in shattered), there ain't any chance of them reforming. Oh, their best cut was "Eyes Of A New York Woman," from Thomas Pynchon's novel V (and THERE is a forgotten masterpiece), which featured the most cosmic recorder solo ever played, courtesy of Bob Palmer, the same cat who erratically reviews jazz for ROLLING STONE, and Mike Saunders early nextdoor neighbor back in the days when they both lived in Little Rock and Palmer would jam with Pharoah Sanders in the back yard. (Ed. Note: ??)

**It's All Meat**
(Canadian Columbia 374)

My vote for the definitive 70's punk band, from Canada, and fabulous. Not included on the album is the hit single "Feel It," which sounds like it was recorded live in a Dayton bar.

**Janey and Dennis**
(Reprise 6414)

Forgotten folkie duo from New York, did some incredible harmony trips. See, the reason I don't go for CSNY is that their harmony is so static, and after you've heard people like the Stanley Brothers, how the fuck can you listen to them? These people learned their chops from the right places, and it shows. Only one bad cut, which is odd for Kinney product these days.

**Rise**
Louie & the Lovers (Epic 30026)

Produced by Doug Sahm, these are genyouwine Chicano teenagers from the Salinas Valley, rocking out in fine style. Doug wont say what happened to them, but I suspect one could guess. A mightyfine album.

**Paradise Bar And Grill**
Mad River (Capitol 185)

This is their second album I could never hear their first one--sounded like acid victim rock to me. These guys were friends of mine, and I even know where the Mad River they're named for is (just outside of Dayton). This had Greg Dewey's incredible "Revolution's In My Pockets," Richard Brautigan reading a poem, and a song by Carl Oglesby (!?!) that ain't bad ay-tall.

**Pottery Pie**
Geoff & Maria Muldaur
(Reprise 6350)

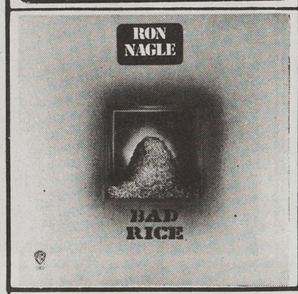
These are the folks who didn't find God in the Jug Band. "Death Letter Blues," "Georgia On My Mind" (by Maria) and other amazing songs. Two very unique voices doing superbly suited for it. Red Rhodes does wail fine on the pedal steel.

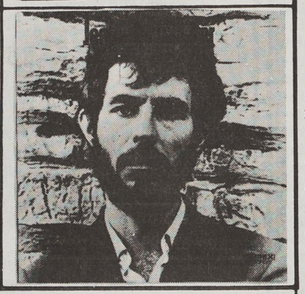
**Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits**
(A&M 4253)

Phil can't write any more, for various reasons, and this was his last album. It's great, every cut. You Elton John fans'll want to check out "James Dean Of Indiana" and you rockers will dig "Gas Station Woman."

**Sons Of Champlin**
(Capitol 200)

Not for serious listening, but a forgotten classic of the past--a SF rock group that ROLLING STONE never even bothered to review. This is good-time Frisbee-game-soundtrack music that is inextricably linked in my mind with working at People's Park, so maybe I'm prejudiced, but they never did anything worthwhile after this one.



*Teenage Head, by the Flamin' Groovies, Ochs' Greatest Hits, Ron Nagle, and Jesse Winchester.*

**Live Yardbirds Featuring Jimmy Page** (Epic)

This came out in late 1971, was out for a week, and then Jimmy Page sued Epic and they had to withdraw it. So theoretically you can't get it, but just between you, me, and the fencepost (title, incedentially, of Dick Clark's book-on-sex-for-teenagers) they gotta do something with all that extra stock, so it just might be remaindered and sent to Thrifty. I considered recommending people buying front-row tix for the next Led Zep tour and peeing on Page when he comes on stage, but the dangers of electrocution are far to great for me to consider advocating such an action.

---END OF LIST---

BUT: it doesn't take into consideration any of the fine C&W albums or blues albums or, more importantly, old and rare rock albums I love, such as the 5 Royales' amazing DEDICATED TO YOU album which has guitar playing that cuts Clapton at his own game and Little Willie John's FEVER album. These were omitted primarily because of the extreme difficulty people have finding them, although a lot of the old King stuff is showing up in midwestern bargain bins now and again.

*Speaking of harmony trips (you did somewhere) the most incredible rock & roll harmony album is the ENGLISH version of RUBBER SOUL (Parlophone PCS 3075). For some reason, the vocals and instrumentals are 100% separated so that by turning the balance knob of your stereo all the way to the right you get a complete acapella Rubber Soul (I mean complete! You can't hear any music at all, only singing). Conversely, turn the dial to the left and you get instrumental Rubber Soul. The harmony is beautiful, one listen and you get the entire explanation of their incredible success. It's not the sugary sweet stuff of CSNY and their imitators but a raw, ragged and positively vibrant mixture. There's nothing to compare it to. No American Beatles' records separate like this and to my knowledge this is the only British one that does. Get it and you you'll really hear this album for the first time.*

Woodie Guthrie song really rock out? Try "Old Cracked Looking Glass." Wanna hear a good Don Nix song? There's one here. And so on. Truly fine.

**Happy And Artie Traum Live**
(Capitol)

Why doesn't this album exist? It oughta.

**Jesse Winchester** (Ampex 10104)

Produced by Robbie Robertson, and containing some very beautiful songs, some great rockers, and "Black Dog," a song of incredible menace. Jesse's been in the studio since this but nothing's come out. Here's hoping...

material backed by superb musicians. A record I always turn to in times of crisis.

**Bad Rice**
Ron Nagle (Warner Bros. 1902)

THE best single singer/songwriter of 1971, and an album that wasn't promoted at all. Ron's views of the world are uniquely poignant, but he knows when and how to rock. He is presently getting out of a stranglehold management contract, and may be heard from again yet. Meanwhile, check this out.

**Nevada Fighter**
Mike Nesmith (RCA 4497)

The second side of this album features an incredible "suite" of songs that will leave you feeling pretty desolate, but happier

**Spooky Two**
Spooky Tooth (A&M 4194)

Eeevil badass music from Britain's killer greaser group. Mott the Hoople is just beginning to sound as good as these guys did on this, their finest hour. Play it very loud.

**Siren & Strange Locomotion**

I've been quoted at length about these. Yay Siren.

**Total Destruction To Your Mind**
Swamp Dogg (Canyon 7706)

Another forgotten soul classic. That guy in your first ish had it right.

**Roger Tillison's Album**
(Atco 33-355)

Everything Leon Russell isn't but oughta be. Ever hear a



## Greg Shaw

64 Taylor Dr.
Fairfax, Calif. 94930

Your piece on Paul Revere is tremendous. Really and truly, I like it almost as much as Lester Bangs' piece on Count Five. I'm still a little hazy on the exact origins and early chronology of the group, but I can fill in some gaps. Their earliest recordings seem to be those on the Gardena label, from which "Like Longhair" was a minor hit (made the Billboard charts). I have the Gardena album, LP-G1000, and it's all instrumentals, including "Tall Cool One," "Beatnik Sticks," "Swinging Shepard Blues" (yes!) and "Moon Dawg," It sounds much earlier than the material on the Jerden LP (T-90709) IN THE BEGINNING, which though it came out after they were big on Columbia, purports to contain their very earliest recordings, produced one drunken night by Roger Hart, the DJ who was instrumental in giving them their start in Portland. The liners also claim "Louie Louie" was recorded that night. The thing is, the material sounds like the stuff on JUST LIKE US, good solid early-Standells type rock. "Shake Rattle & Roll," "Don't Be Cruel," "Linda Lu," "Work With Me Annie," "Mojo Workout," and "Hey Baby" among others. It would make sense that anything they did for Jerden would've been recorded before they went to LA (or Gardena in this case) to become a national band, but the instrumentals on the Gardena album sound like 1961 Wailers, very gritty instrumentals, wailing saxes, etc.

Well now that you've got me talking about obscure old albums, I might as well run down a few more for your "Esoterica" column. I disagree with a lot of your other choices (not yours but some of your contributors). Maybe to some people the Yardbirds, Firesign Theater, Love, Johnny Winter and Humble Pie are obscure, but I'd prefer to see the real forgotten classics mentioned.

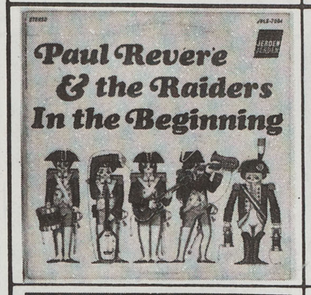
I could probably go thru my collection and pull out enough to fill your next 6 issues, but instead I'll just thumb thru the section devoted to "punk rock" which happens to reside right here next to my desk.

**Everything Is A-OK** (RCA 2782)
**Astronauts Orbit Campus**
(RCA 2903)
The Astronauts

The Astronauts had a whole pile of albums and most of their stuff was surf-exploitation junk, but it's generally forgotten that they were the seminal Denver group--hundreds of later groups from the area took their inspiration from them, just as they did Wailers in Seattle, and Buddy Holly in Texas for that matter. These 2 are my favorites, with songs like "Johnny B. Goode," "Let the Good Times Roll," "Diddy Wah Diddy," "Roll Over Beethoven," "Sticks and Stones," "Wine, Wine, Wine" and "Bo Diddley." You can tell right away they had that dance-with-your-highschool-girlfriend-at-the - local - teen - club sound which is right up my alley, and yours too if your Paul Revere piece can be believed.

**Dirty Water**
The Standells (Tower 5027)

Contrary to what you say somewhere, the Standells did make good albums. This is their best. Besides the title song and "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White" it has the brilliant "Hey Joe," a beautiful punk song "Little Sally Tease" also recorded by the Kingsmen, a great San Jose classic called "Medication" and their version of "19th Nervous Breakdown."



*Early Raiders, the Astronauts' finest, Dirty Water by the ultimo Standells, & the Riot On the Sunset Strip*

**Freakout USA** (Sidewalk 5901)
**Teenage Rebellion**
(Sidewalk 5903)

**Riot On Sunset Strip**
(Tower 5065)

Sidewalk was Mike Curb's label, devoted chiefly to soundtracks from exploitational generation gap films. These are hilarious. FREAKOUT USA features a number of minor LA groups. Highlights are "I Like the Way You Freakout" by Hands of Time, the title song by the Aftermath, and "I'm Losing It" by the Glass Family. TEENAGE REBELLION features some anonymous psychedelic songs with titles like "Orgy Around the World," "The Gay Teenager," "Make Love Not War" and "A Young Girl's Mistake." Some of these contain moralistic lectures from concerned spokesmen, others first-person tales of degradation. "Pot Party" is especially delightful. RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP is an incredible album. A couple of fine things from the Standells, absolutely the best 2 Chocolate Watchband cuts ever, where they outdo in turns the Yardbirds' "Nazz Are Blue" and the Kinks' "Milk Cow Blues." Also stuff by minor LA folkrock groups.

**Lies**
The Knickerbockers
(Challenge 622)

They had an even more obscure album called JERK AND TWINE TIME (Challenge 621) which contained "You Really Got Me," "All Day and All of the Night," "Jolly Green Giant," "Land of A Thousand Dances," "Jerk Town" and "She's Not There," but I prefer this one for its Americanized Liverpool sound. A truly fabulous, forgotten group.

**West Coast East Side Review**
**Vols. 1 & 2** (Rampart)

These are collections of singles by East LA chicano groups with names like Thee Enchantments, Ronnie & the Pomona Casuals, Thee Flurtations and The Romancers. Also included are better known groups like Cannibal & the Headhunters, the Premiers, and Thee Midniters. Volume 2 is the best--it comes with a full size poster showing 1965 teenyboppers tearing out their hair. The record is on plastic swirled with colors, much better than the similar Dave Mason job. And it includes the amazing "Get On This Plane" by the Premiers, sounding more like a heavy-fuzz San Jose group imitating the Yardbirds than the group who did "Farmer John."

**Big Hits of Mid-America**
**Vols. 1 & 2** (Soma)

These contain some of the best local records by Minneapolis groups. Hits include "Liar Liar" by the Castaways and "Run Run Run" by the Gestures, but of even greater interest are the cuts by other local groups like the High Spirits, Chancellors, Underbeats (now known as Gypsy) and the Accents. Minneapolis music was largely inspired by the Trashmen which means it had a surf sound which, applied to traditional American hard rock, made for an unusual style. For further research check TOP TEEN BANDS, Vols. 1-3 on Bud-Jet and of course the immortal Trashmen album, SURFIN' BIRD (Garrett 200).

**Happening Now** (Paula 2194)
**Playtime** (Paula 2199)
The Uniques

The Uniques have been around an awful long time, had a hit in '65 with "Not Too Long Ago," and are now recording for Paramount. They made seven albums, consisting mostly of Southern interpretations of R&B hits, but these albums are solid punk, as probably was their first (UNIQUELY YOURS, 2190) which I've never been able to find. PLAYTIME includes good versions of "It's All Over Now" and "Let's Spend the Night Together," but HAPPENING NOW is the real classic. It has "Double Shot (of My Baby's Love)," "Pretty Woman," "96 Tears" (beautiful), "Don't Bring Me Down," "Time Won't Let Me" (hey, I bet the Outsiders qualify as Esoterica too) and an incredible original hard rocker, "Run and Hide." One of the essential punk albums.

**Bread & Butter** (Hickory 120)
**Run Baby Run** (Hickory 128)
**Big Beat Sounds**
(Hickory 122)
The Newbeats

If the Newbeats had any other albums I want to know about it! I really dig them. Three guys from Louisiana who sounded like Dick and Dee Dee, they had good taste in songs and it's not only a good musical experience but quite a trip to hear them warble "Baby Let's Play House," "Great Balls of Fire," "Hang on Sloopy," "Satisfaction," and "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby." They also do a hot rod song ("Tough Little Buggy") and though long forgotten here, the English as usual remember. "Run Baby Run" was reissued there in November 1971 and made it up the charts to #20.

# Esoterica

**Let It Out**
The Hombres (Verve 3036)

We all rember this group's great Dylan take off, "Let it All Hang Out," but wait till you get this album and hear them do "Mau Mau Mau," "Gloria" and all the rest. "It's a Gas" is every bit as good as "Let it Out." Another essential punk album.

**Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)**
The Swingin' Medallions
(Smash 67083)

This college fraternity added a classic punk rock song to the Olympian pantheon occupied by "96 Tears," "Wooly Bully," "Psychotic Reaction" and "Louie Louie." On this album they do some of the others, including the latter and "Wooly Bully," also "Satisfaction," "What Kind of Fool" and "Hang On Sloopy."

**Here Are The Sonics** (Etiquette 24)
**The Sonics Boom** (Etiquette 27)

The Sonics were from Seattle but unlike most of the local groups, who concentrated on instrumentals and derivative Kingsmen sounds, these guys were listening to the Kinks and all those other killer English groups, and they were the equal of any of them in terms of pure sound, power, crashing rhythm chords, and the like. "The Witch" was their hit and it's a classic; on the first album they do it, "Roll Over Beethoven," "Have Love Will Travel," "Good Golly Miss Molly," "Money," "Walkin' the Dog," etc. The second is better. They do more standards like "Louie Louie" (one of the best, if not the best version), "Let the Good Times Roll" and "Don't You Just Know It" but they also deliver an original that is the ultimate early Kinks song--not even the Kinks themselves can come up to it. I speak of "He's Waitin" and if Dave Davies had heard this in 1964 he might just have given up music the way the Mystery Trend's original guitarist did the first time he heard Darby Slick of the Great Society and realized he'd never play like that as long as he lived.

**Impact—Kenny and the Kasuals**
**Live At The Studio Club**
(Mark 5000)

This local Dallas group has a special place in my heart for their English orientation. The album opens with a great track recorded at the start of the show, where they introduce themselves and promise to take all requests. Then they run through "All Day and All the Night," "I'm Not Talking," "Empty Heart," It's All Right," "Gloria," "You Better Move On," "Baby Please Don't Go," "Got a Good Thing Going" and "Farmer John." And they are GOOD. They also are an easy match for the early Kinks, their Stones songs have a rare fullness and strength, their singer sounds more like Colin Blunstone on "You Make Me Feel Good" than Colin himself does, and they are the only American group I know of besides Terry Knight & the Pack and the Sons of Adam to have the audacity to attempt to match the Yardbirds on their own turf. They do all right, too.

**Where Were You When I Needed You**
The Grass Roots (Dunhill 50011)

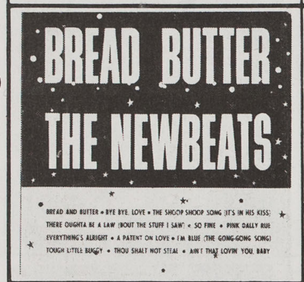
Finally, one from the folk-rock section, but one I love so much I just gotta mention it. Folk rock could be the subject of a list equally long, it's a totally forgotten genra, but that will have to wait for some other time. This is the original Grass Roots, from my home town (San Bruno) who disbanded after cutting this album and were replaced by Dunhill (who owned the name) with the plastic group who carry it today. A lot of Sloan/Barri songs here, including the achingly beautiful "Only When You're Lonely," and the great "You Baby," also a tremendous version of the Stones' "Tell Me," a song whose greatness I bet you've forgotten. Also included are the title song and their other hit, "Mr. Jones," "You Didn't Have to Be So Nice," and "I Am a Rock." A must for connoisseurs of the mid-sixties.

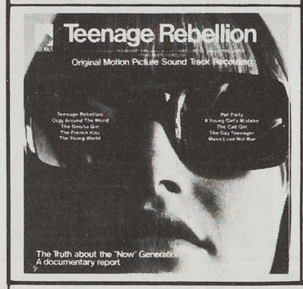
••••••••••••••

Something you said around the start of your Revere article, about "your little sister's favorite group" and "real cool LPs" we all missed, made me want to remember to ask you if you've listened to the Monkees lately. They weren't bad, you know? Of course we know now that Nesmith and Tork were all right in the end, but even back in the days when they "didn't even play their own instruments" (what a lethal allegation that was in those days! Remember how we all held our noses at the thought?) Actually the fact that they didn't play 'em only implies that some of the brilliant session men who are today's superstars were responsible for the music, when you think of it. Anyway, they were good. My little sister was playing the Partridge Family when we were at my folks' place last night and I paused to wonder if they would sound good in five years. Not too unlikely.

The real reason mags like yours and mine are necessary, I think, is also the proof that the 60's contained an astounding amount of good music, and the present in comparison is pretty lame. There was so much happening that while we were paying attention to the very best groups, literally hundreds of other groups and in fact whole schools of music were doing their thing and we didn't even have time to notice. Only now can we look back and realize how much of real supreme value we missed the first time around. The other stuff was "better," I think we'd all have to admit, but you only want to hear "12 x 5" or "Five Live Yardbirds" so many times. Put yourself in a different frame of mind, and suddenly the Standells take the place of the Stones, everything else falls into place, and zap! you've got a whole new universe, it's almost like going back to 1960 and starting over, hearing it all again for the first time, because we didn't really hear it then if we heard it at all.

*Yeah, you couldn't have said it better. By the way, you're not the only one who noticed that my Raiders piece was Carburator Dung inspired—apologies to L. Bangs, wherever he is. As for the Monks, "Last Train to Clarksville," "Daydream Believer," "Listen to the Band," and so many others—how could people hate this music? Admitedly, they weren't hard rock crushers, but so what? They weren't offensive either. This letter put me onto some great stuff. Go find ASTRONAUTS ORBIT CAMPUS, don't worry about the fact that the Astronauts are the five dorkiest looking humans around—they can rock! Just to hear a modern version of "Johnny B. Goode" without a 12 minute guitar solo is a pleasure and that's just the start. They have a unique way of getting inside a song and without being overpowering, just punch it out in fine style. "Good Golly Miss Molly" on this album is a good example. Johnny Winter should've taken lessons from these guys. They later made an album as HARDWATER on Capitol, but but don't worry about it. And be sure to hear the Hombres and those Newbeats' records. That Hombres album lately has been showing up in every Thrifty Drug Store in LA for 50c. I paid two bucks but don't mind at all—it's good. PAY ANY PRICE for Kenny & the Kasuals, it's impossible to find and better than any LP so far discussed. No kidding. these guys had it down. I'm thinking seriously of circulating a tape of it if it's as rare elsewhere as it is here—, THIS MUST BE HEARD!*


BREAD BUTTER
THE NEWBEATS
BREAD AND BUTTER • BYE BYE, LOVE • THE SNOOP SNOOP SONG (IT'S IN HIS KISS)
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW (BOUT THE STUFF I SAW) • SO FINE • PINK DAILY RUE
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT • A PATENT ON LOVE • I'M BLUE (THE GONG-GONG SONG)
TOUGH LITTLE BOOGY • THOU SHALT NOT STEAL • AIN'T THAT LOVIN' YOU BABY


Teenage Rebellion
Original Motion Picture Sound Track Recording
The Truth about the 'Now' Generation
A documentary report

*Newbeats, Hombres, Teenage Rebellion LP, and the Grass Roots.*

## Rich Johnson

909 No. Charles Apt. 22
Macomb, Illinois 61455

FLASH #1 is absolutely TOP SNAT!! At last there's somebody concentrating on these obscure bizarros. And I agree that Rock's a great joke--biggest laff on under-the-counter-culture around.

Esoterica left me completely shitty, seems like I passed up half those records in the latest bargain bins and now they're all gone. The Bangla Desh thing was spiffy too--I'm surprised to be hearing so much about the Illinois Speed Press lately. They used to be called the Rovin' Kind and they played at my high school countless times. Back then they had matching suits with velvet vests and were famed for their exactly-like-the-record renditions of various top - forty chartbusters. Once they played at some special dance we had that had the stipulation that all groups had to have at least one member from the school. So for this one date they added this sixteen-yr-old dodo from my chemistry class and dressed him up in his very own vest and Ringo cap and let him play tambourine in the background. A famous concert that was.

I'd have to disagree with Mike Saunders on AUTOSALVAGE--it's been a big fave of mine for many years now. You know, the first time I ever heard it was in the basement of a pube-psuedo-groupie for the Rovin' Kind! She thought it was icky, though. I also like BRIDGES quite a lot and I think the second Left Banke album is a class Super-Pop album, right in there with SUNFLOWER and others. I guess I'm a bit more pop oriented than you superock fuckers.

Yer right, Mark Lindsay has to go down as one of the premier vocalists of the sixties. My particular fave is "Hungry" or maybe "Good Thing." A couple days ago I ran into what I think is the second album of the Raider offshoot Brotherhood. I think it's 2nd because it's called BROTHERHOOD BROTHERHOOD, something like NAZZ NAZZ I guess. Anyway, they really wipe out by taking themselves soooo seriously and including a five minute heavy abortion of "California Dreamin'" which contains not one note of vocal harmony, which is saying something. Just what I'm not sure. But Fang is calling himself Phil, so you know something's wrong.

I don't know how to put my tastes in context very well, as I like quite a lot due to my belief that no music is good or bad. I like everything by the Beach Boys except SURF'S UP, and my other all-time fave-raves would be the Kinks (I really love MUSWELL HILLBILLIES), Byrds, particularly their earlier albums, and various others like Spirit, Lovin' Spoonful, Left Banke, and many others. Some current things I've especially liked have been the new BADFINGER, WHO'S NEXT, FEARLESS by Family, and anything by the Move, particularly MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY. Here's some lesser-known I'd like to mention:

L.A.M.F., Bunky & Jake: which I heard was supposed to Rilly Mean Like A Motherfucker, whatever that means. It's fifties-influenced, and the only record I own I'd use the word "FUNKY" to describe. I mean, what can you say about an album with a tune called "Bump In My Groove?"

JAKE AND THE FAMILY JEWELS: This is the same Jake as above, and a jennywine toe-stubber, especially "I Rember Cissy's Baby."

On the somewhat more pop end of the continum I'd have to recommend:
TURTLE SOUP, the last album by always-snatty Turtles, produced by Ray Davies.
SCRATCH IN THE SKY, Cryan' Shames: If you liked "It Could Be We're In Love..."
GENTLE SOUL: A largely ignored Terry Melcher production. Folk-pop?
EVERYTHING PLAYING, Lovin' Spoonful: Their last one, with every song a murderous complex - complimentary arrangement.
AVENUE ROAD, Kensington Market: Kensington were produced by Felix Pappalardi, they have a second album called AARDVARK which should be in the bins soon.
MAGIC PEOPLE and ELLIS ISLAND, Paupers: these guys opened the Kinetic Playground in Chicago and were big at Monterey, but now they're working with the likes of Lighthouse and Linda Ronstadt.
SOPWITH CAMEL: an Erik Jacobsen production, so they're vaguely reminescent of the Spoonful or Norman Greenbuam (vaguely, I said). This one contains the all-time movie song, "The Great Morpheum," with the famous lines "the rows down in front/ruminate bon-bons/and wait for an exit through the screen." Another spiffy thing by Jacobsen besides Norm Greenbaum is A BOY AND HIS DOG by Leonard Schaeffer. If you like that sort of thing.

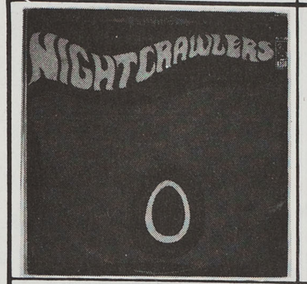
Shit, I've gone on much too long. Some other quickies: NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND--goodtimey stuff out of Berkeley, HOURGLASS--from which came Duane & Gregg Allman, LITTLE BLACK EGG by the Nightcrawlers-a classic punk-rocker, Merry-Go-Round YOU'RE A VERY LOVELY WOMAN--nice folk-rock and Emitt Rhodes, MIGHTY QUINN by Manfred Mann, The Hullaballoo's 1st (whew), anything by Family, especially MUSIC IN A DOLL'S HOUSE and SONG FOR ME, GRASS and WILD STRAWBERRIES--Collectors, GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE TRAGEDY and their first album--Earth Opera, Circus Maximus 1st, shit--I could go on forever.

By the way, If you ever run into any extra 13th Floor Elevators other than BULL OF THE RUSH, or is it BULL OF THE WOODS--I dunno, lost my cover, anyway, I'd pay most any price for 'em as they're totally impossible to obtain out this way. Whatever. Hope the next issue is as epic as #1 was.

## Ken Barnes

13518 Myren Drive
Saratoga, Calif. 95070

Just got the first issue of FLASH and it sure looks like a boss mag. And, although with typical churlishness I disagreed with fully 40% of the bargain bin faves mentioned throughout, the idea itself is the most indubitably irresistable I've run into in a long time, so here goes with my list:



*The Nightcrawlers, Leaves, Searchers, & Elevators*

**Back Door Men**
Shadows of Knight
(Dunwich S667)

Appealing set of solid psychedelicacies, with killer guitar and snotty teenage-punk vocals supreme. Considerably better than their first, which is overly blues-steeped; haven't heard their third.

**Madcap Laughs**
(Harvest 765—UK)
**Barrett** (Harvest 4007--UK)
Syd Barrett

Intriguing solo bizzarrities by the original schiz kid of British psych-rock. Slow-paced and probably not for the most fervid rock fans, but undeniably interesting.

**Hey Joe** (Mira 3005)
**All The Good That's Happening**
(Capitol 2638)
Leaves

Both on the spotty side, but the first has fine stuff like the rocking "Dr. Stone," the classic title cut, and "War Of Distortion," which is totally outre. The second album isn't as good, but it certainly is weird enough.

SEARCHERS

All their singles were great, and all 4 LP's have their moments, too--not without bum cuts, of course, but then what is?

Well, the 13th Floor Elevators come close in their first two LP's, at least--great stuff. Roky Erickson has one of the heaviest voices around, and the songs are excellent rockers, especially on EASTER EVERYWHERE (International Artists #5; the first album is #1). Their third LP, LIVE (#8), has incredible storms of dubbed-in audience frenzy, and otherwise sounds like slightly more inept outtakes and other leftover studio tracks. Still pretty good, though. BULL OF THE WOODS, their last LP to my knowledge, shunts Erickson aside for some reason, and the group suddenly sounds about three times as clumsy as they ever did before (the first two albums are pretty tight), and it's OK, but not up to the lofty standards of previous work.

**Two Yanks In England**
Everly Brothers (WB 1646)

EIGHT Hollies songs, one each by Manfred Mann and the Spencer Davis Group, and more, all done in topnotch Everly's style, Anglicised for your greater listening pleasure. Extremely enjoyable.

**Messages From The Status Quo**
Status Quo (Cadet Concept 315)

Loads of fun with these ace British wimp - rockers, featuring that great grab-bag of killer fuzz riffs, flange phasing effects, and wah-wah wobbles, "Pictures of Matchstick Men," plus, for an added bonus, at least 5 other songs based on the same riffs.

FAMILY

All six albums (including the half-live ANYWAY and OLD SONGS NEW SONGS, both British-only releases), though inconsistent and ofttimes overarty, have plenty of sterling rock and roll moments, with first rate instrumentation and Roger Chapman's tortured, searing vocals.

**Daddy Who? Daddy Cool**
(Reprise 6471)

Current but already destined for the bins (got mine for 52¢ a week after release). Australia's #1 group has submerged

# Esoterica

themselves in a 50's time warp with infectious results--check out "Zoop Bop Gold Cadillac," "Bom Bom," and their taste in headgear.

That's it for the moment, though I'm actively scouring San Jose's finest bins for further gemlike discoveries. Also like to add my endorsement to the previously - praised Seeds, Standells, BEAU BRUMMELS VOL. 2, SIDE TRIP, Kaleidoscope, HP LOVECRAFT 2, THEM AGAIN (the British WORLD OF THEM is fine, too), all old Hollies, Beach Boys, and Kinks, and the brilliant Bobby Fuller Four (their KRLA KING OF THE WHEELS LP, while containing 8 songs later appearing on I FOUGHT THE LAW, has at least 2 fine drag songs and since I got it for a dime, I ain't kicking. I'm planning an article on them in WHO PUT THE BOMP upcoming sometime. AUTUMN STONE, along with the first two English-only Small Faces albums are truly superb, nothing like the metal-raspy crypto-funk excess the current Faces are purveying.

Also, all Troggs albums are absolutely indispensible.

Are you gonna do any features on singles? That's one way to beat the bummer cut hassle, at least, not to mention the myriad great tracks that never appeared in LP form.

By the way, thanx for the tip on Seals & Crofts. I always thought they were a couple flower-assed folkies, but after orbing your flashy cover I got their three albums, and they really rock like gangbusters.

*I agree with you 100% about singles, they've got to be covered, but how? It's pointless to rap about the undiscovered Dirty Water, Psychotic Reaction, even near-Get Off My Cloud caliber 45's that didn't make it because they just can't be found except in rare instances by maybe one person in one part of the country. There's no resale market for promo 45's like there is for albums, and few used album stores have singles bins. Most people can get their hands on at least some of the LP's we discuss, but nobody's gonna find, say, "Wild Blood" by the Seeds or any of the hundreds of classic non-hit 45's. But between now and the next issue, I'm gonna round up the best I can find and hereby urge everybody who has great obscure punk-rock 45's in their collections to send me a 7½ i.p.s. tape of them. I'll do an article in the next issue on the best 25 or so and we'll offer a tape (reel to reel) through the magazine to interested parties, (And I mean parties!) By the way, that WASN'T Seals & Crofts on the cover of No. 1. it was John & Yoko. Sure fooled you, huh?*

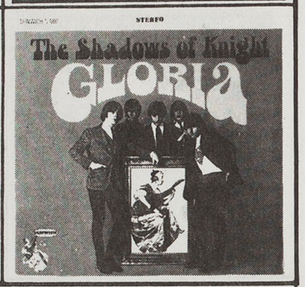
## Scott Fischer

4845 Lockwig
Florissant, Mo. 63033

Congratulations on the first issue. It was a genuine rock & roll revival in print. As the Move said on SHAZAM, "Rock & Roll the Day Away!"

The rock & roll scene seems to be improving; at least in the St. Louis area. At a recent concert a promoter mentioned groups soon to appear such as Dust, Black Oak Arkansas and Cactus. All were enthusiastically cheered while the possibility of Steve Stills was met by apathy.

Since the first issue I've found some albums I've been in search of, like the first Mandrake Memorial, BACK DOOR MAN by the Shadows of Knight, COULDRON by the 50 Ft. Hose and A GATHERING OF PROMISES by The Bubble Puppy.




*Daddy Cool, the positively legendary Cartesian Jetstream by San Jose's very own Count Five, The Standells & Shads of K*

But there's still many I want but don't have, such as The Leaves, the 1st Music Machine, all of the Count Five, the 1st two Seeds, DIRTY WATER and GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE by the Standells, the 2nd Chocolate Watch Band, ONE STEP BEYOND, the second T.I.M.E., SMOOTH BALL, and the final LP by the Electric Prunes. Anybody who has any of these and would be willing to tape them for me I'd appreciate hearing from. I can make tapes of any of mine, too.

**Death Walks Behind You**
Atomic Rooster
(Elektra 74094)

Detesters of this record stigmatize this with the Bloodrock/Black Sabbath school of doom. Schucking them off, one finds this to be a heavy, organ-electric guitar blaster. A real high energy booster.

**Fireball**
Deep Purple (WB 2564)

In concert Deep Purple is the psychedelic classical jazz rock band of '72. This record rocks more than their performances 'cause they don't have the time for innumerable solos. Ritchie Blackmore might be the most adept mechanical riffin' guitarist around and just to prove he's eclectic, he does a violin imitation on "Fools."

**Medusa**
Trapeze (Threshold THS 4)

In the mood for some more heavy, hypnotic damnation-paranoid power trio dirges? Fuck the Moody Blues if they don't dig the hard-heavy freeky stuff. Their brothers here do so rave it up & kick 'em out!

**The Fraternity Of Man**
Fraternity Of Man (ABCS 647)

As far as I'm concerned this was the best release of 1968. Led by former Mothers lead guitarist Elliot Ingles, these guys dish out 3 excellent acid rockers, a couple of gutsy country rockers, more like Kris Kristofferson than Pocoish sweetness and several anti-police diatribes.

## John Craig

5210 Joe Sayers
Austin, Texas 78756

Saw a copy of FLASH (Vol. 1, No.1) from Mike Saunders, who's a friend of mine here in Austin. Generally pretty good. I like Paul Revere also-JUST LIKE US and "Kicks" especially-almost nothing after. I have a copy of HERE THEY COME, but don't listen to it much. I'll try again after reading the article. What a shitty piece on the Bubble Puppy-Demian. They were OK live at first (I saw them a lot in Houston), but their International Artists LP is lousy, and Demian is contrived HEAVYness. Last sommer I was in a shitty discotecque and the "MC" announced that Demian members were in attendance-then played their hit and "Hot Smoke & Sassafrass" in order. No one hardly danced the songs were so bad. When they played "Jumpin Jack Flash" the action picked up again.

I know you can't please everyone, but I thought I'd let you know a first-hand experience. I'm gonna write you a little piece on the 13th Floor Elevators-truly one of Texas' best groups. About Flash Cadillac-they were supposedly from Texas-I caught them at a mini-rockfestival outside of Houston and they were so great-shut down fakes like Shana-na real bad. They were also on Bobby Sherman's TV show 2 weeks ago-they were good, but obviously under control of the producers of the show.

You wanted them. so here are some LP's I've gotten in just the last month-some to replace worn out copies.

**Never To Be Forgotten**
Eddie Cochran (Liberty 3220)

Not Eddie's best, but has "Weekend" (re-done by the Move) and "Nervous Breakdown"-quite like "Summertime Blues."

**Gloria**
Shadows Of Knight (Dunwich 666)

A true classic to replace my old copy.

**The Birthday Party**
The Idle Race (Liberty 7603)

Jeff Lynne's group before he joined the Move-rather weird-cutesy psychedelic English rock good harmonies. Not as heavy as the Move.

**David Bowie**
(Deran 18003)

His first, and worst-for collectors & fans only. He & Cat Stevens (how about a Melanie for him?) were both signed by Deram but the Cat became a hit & David was dropped. Now David is 100 times superior. Listen to his 1st 2 Mercury LP's.

**KRLA King of The Wheels**
Bobby Fuller Four (Mustang 900)

Side 1-the best of Bobby Fuller minus the hit-this is their 1st album. Side 2 is hot-rod trash-funny though. Randy Fuller is drummer for Dewey Martin. (Or was).

**The Beau Brummels Sing**
(Post 6000)

Another greatest hits - 16 cuts. All their best. Definitely worth having. Also in the Post series are Shangrilas and Riverias.

**The Great Buddy Holly**
(Vocation 73811

Buddy always my hero-these are the earliest recordings of him--in Nashville. Early version of "That'll Be The Day," and great hits like "Midnight Shift". A must. Also, copies of Buddy Holly & the Crickets have been appearing--definitely his best record.

**Wild Thing**
The Troggs (Fontana 67558)

A raw classic. Their second LP also good.

.....

That's about all I have that haven't been mentioned by Mike or someone else. Some of your letters are awfully mainstream schlock. Just 'cause you hate the Taylor-Carole Kings doesn't mean you like good rock.

## Mike Saunders

Jesus Christ! FLASH is the most incredible magazine I've ever seen in my whole life! I had no idea you were actually going to publish the stuff---my letter is embarassing, now the world knows what kind of long-winded bizarro letters I write. But anyway, the whole idea of FLASH is great--people driveling on about their fave raves--and the layout is great too. You could be the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW of the 70's; same size and everything, y'know.

Here are a couple more things I've found recently:

**Greetings, Children Of Paradise**
The Humblebums (Liberty 7636)

**Bear**
(Verve Folkways 3059)

These two so far seem marginal--nothing special, but good enough that you wouldn't get rid of them. I read about the Humblebums in a John Gabree review in that hi-fi mag he writes for.

**Carp**
(Epic 30212)

Funniest liner notes in ages: "Carp is one of the few groups that doesn't sound like somebody else. . ." Wotta laugh! They're trying so hard to be the Band they're about to split their pants. But it almost works. Released in late 1970, I think.

**Bearings** (Capitol 426)
**Eclipse** (Capitol 580)
Edward Bear

Wimpier than hell, but what the fuck. Their singer-drummer Larry Evoy's voice is so high I don't think he's yet reached puberty. Then their guitarist goes and screws it up by doing a couple of blooze, Jesus Christ, blooze numbers on each album. Terrible white-boy blues stuff. Anyway, the group is just so weird---couldn't they have gone out and found another guitarist?

**The Birthday Party**
The Idle Race (Liberty 7603)

Incredibly effette, but nevertheless a classic in the English lightweight rock vein---what Alan Betrock of JAMZ calls "commercial progressive." Jeff Lynne, now of the Move, is the songwriter and lead singer---he's as good as he is bad now (reference: I don't like the SHAZAM-and-after Move, I really HATE them). The album has a very quirky, English sense of humor--the Bonzo Dogs and other similar people come to mind. Actually, I've got it now: this is really pop album. If you dug the 4 Seasons and are an English-lightweight-rock fan, this is the album for ya.

**Red Weather**
Leigh Stevens (Philips 600-294)

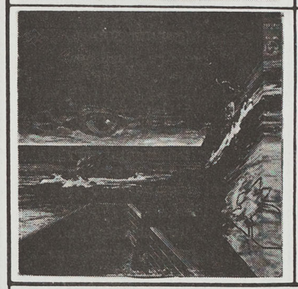
Who would've thunk it? Leigh Stevens, the original Blue Cheer lead guitarist par horrendo, doing a low-key album (employing such studio musicians as Nicky Hopkins, Ian Stuart, and Micky Waller) with the same distinctive production and soft-rock sound as the excellent BLUE CHEER #4. Not nearly as good, but RED WEATHER is really, really weird: one of those strange albums like Skip Spence's OAR. Priceless if you're into that sort of stuff. RED WEATHER came out right before the super-SUPER-horrendo NEW IMPROVED BLUE CHEER.

**Mint Tattoo**
Mint Tattoo (Dot 25918)

Not very good, but two key members on the great BLUE CHEER #4 LP came from this band: Bruce Stephens and Burns Kellogg. Of interest to Blue Cheer collectors, I guess (Why would there be such a thing as a Blue Cheer collector, you ask? Cause that band's history was/has been so fucking weird, that's why! And they did "Summertime Blues" better than the Who.

**Wilder Things**
The Hardly Worth It Players
(Cameo/Parkway 7057)

Except for maybe "Mellow Yellow," this whole album is junk---cute, mannered, utterly vacuous--save for one song: "White Christmas with Bobby the Poet." This song wipes out Simon Garfunkel's "7 O'Clock News/Silent Night" and Bob Dylan in one fell swoop, and the imitation of Dylan singing "White Christmas" is a classic. Worth every penny of the 44¢ you'll pay for it--if you ever find it.



*The Troggs' all-time classic, Blue Cheer 4, Leigh Stephens' solo album and Black Pearl.*

**Black Pearl**
(Atlantic 8220)

Lester Bangs calls this one of the greatest LP's ever. . . the Barbarians transported to California. I don't think as highly of it, but it's sure ok. More of a Quicksilver brittle guitar sound than an MC5 sheet metal wall--Black Pearl sound very much a West Coast band. Bernie Fieldings' voice can grate unless you dig mannered psuedo-soul slobberings. The band, nevertheless, are great: incredibly loose, yet kinetic.

**David Bowie**
(Deram 18003)

Awful, awful, awful, awful. If you're a Bowie fan, don't lay awake nights worrying that you don't have this 1967 debut LP of his. It stinks.

**The Mugwumps**
(WB 1697)

I detested the Mamas & Papas, yet this album is almost fascinating in its weirdness. In some respects it's almost mouldy 1963 rock and roll because of the sparse instrumentation and crude production, but Zally Yanovsky's influence and some primeval folk-rock touches are mixed in. For the first time, I have to admit that Cass Elliot was an excellent harmony singer. Fact is, this album has a lot of great group singing. Don't let the nine songs and 21 minutes' of playing time scare you off: the neanderthal production techniques and so-crappy-it's-good instrumental backing almost give this LP the charm of 1950's rocknroll. In an early folk-rock sort of way. Or something.

.....

FLASH ought to have a humor staff--you almost do already; the Paul Revere ad is classic. I love "Steppin' Out" and "Just Like Me," but I really don't think too much of the early Paul Revere & The Raiders LP's---BUT, if you like them, you really ought to get ahold of some of the Sonics' stuff. Especially the album HERE ARE THE SONICS (Etiquette 024)--absolutely incredible. I've heard two Sonics albums--Boom, reviewed in FUSION, isn't nearly as good--Greg Shaw says no one knows how many Sonics LP's there were. Yet, anyway.

I've had as many urges to murder James Taylor (and lately, Don McLean) as anyone, but one thing I want to say: I think FOR LITTLE ONES by Donovan and SONG TO A SEAGULL by--I hate her last two albums, they're a disgrace to the air she breathes and may she choke on it or something--Joni Mitchell are really beautiful albums. SONG TO A SEAGULL is rocknroll ballads. If you think hard enough.

Are you guys really for real? I mean, FLASH is ten times better than ROLLING STONE; so how come you guys aren't rich? I find it very disturbing. But last and not least: more, more, more on the Dave Clark Five! What a group!

P.S. Shit, almost forgot. Greg Shaw's nomination for the greatest punk-rock group of all time is the Standells, but if ya ask me, I say it's the, ah, ah, ahem. . . .Shadows of Knight!

P.P.S. Iggy Stooge Forever!
Off Sexism!
Off Rock Sexism!
Free John Now!
Black Sabbath Are Here
If You Want It!

*That last comment of Mike's about the DC5 prompted a letter suggesting that he do it himself, the result can be found elsewhere in this issue. Black Pearl is a gas but beware of their second album, BLACK PEARL*

# Esoterica

*LIVE (Bell) wherein Bernie Fieldings loses all control and displays the most obnoxious bit of imitation soul singing ever recorded. I keep it for medicinal purposes only. In case I need to throw up. And "White Christmas with Bobby the Poet," is everything Mike claims it to be. Heard it four or five years ago in a listening booth at Wallach's Music City and still can't forget it. No matter how hard I try. And hey, who is this guy, John Now? Do we have to have obscure martyrs, too?*

## Jim McNaboe

175 Edison Street
Clifton, New Jersey 07013

I enjoyed the first issue of FLASH, and found myself in basic agreement with many of your attitudes (the one glaring exception being your appreciation/adulation of Paul Revere and the Raiders). For example, I too think that Greg Shaw's WHO PUT THE BOMP is the finest fanzine covering the music of the '60's, and I believe that many of the current rock bands, in striving to be relevant or heavy, or whatever other term may have come into vogue by the time you read this, are ignoring the tradition of rock 'n roll being a form of entertainment, or just plain fun, as you put it.

I was honestly surprised to see that your zine will be devoted to obscure records, usually available only after thorough searching in discount bins. This has been one of my favorite pastimes over the last few years, and I had always thought myself to be somewhat "weird" in this respect. From the response you received to your CREEM letter (which I did not see, by the way), however, there must be thousands of us scattered all over the country. Power to the bargain-hunters! It occurs to me that you might want to include a "want list" column in future issues, to facilitate trades, etc.

Two candidates for your liner notes Hall Of Fame:

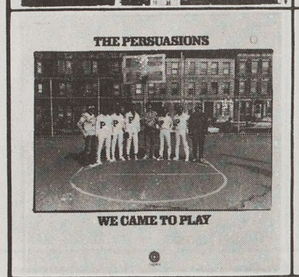
**Beach Beat**
(Atlantic 8140)

An anthology of some classic 1950's hits, such as "C. C. Rider" by Chuck Willis (Have you ever heard a disc jockey introduce this record without referring to Willis as "the late, great. . ."?) and "There Goes My Baby" by the Drifters, along with a few lesser-known gems such as "Walking up a One Way Street" by Willie Tee (The introduction "The fantastic. . ." seems to belong with Tee, and that's how I thought he used to bill himself. Then I remembered I was thinking of the Fantastic Johnny Cee, of "Boogaloo Down Broadway" fame). Anyhow, none of the tunes has a damn thing to do with summer, sun, surf or any of the other things you might associate with "beach."

Atlantic had the balls to use the following liner notes, though:

"Atlantic Records presents "Beach Beat" featuring songs enjoyed in the summer sun, with suds in hand, by young people everywhere. . .songs played on the juke boxes, but not available at the record shops until now. . .so put on your Bermudas, take off your shoes, grab your favorite dancing partner, turn the stereo up loud, and enjoy the beat of the beach, all year along. . ."

Appropriately enough, the notes are anonymous. The album is good, despite the bullshit on the back, and only cost 50¢.



*Spirit, J. Geils' 1st, The Persuations, and Boomerang.*

**Doin' The Bird**

The Rivingtons (Liberty 3282)

Anyone who can begin his reply to a letter with "papa-oo-mow-mow-to you too" doesn't have to be told of this album. I'm sure you already have a copy. The world (or that portion thereof that will receive the next issue of FLASH) should be informed on the intricate steps involved in the Bird. "So, get out your finest feathers and get set to fly!" Beautiful.

••••••••••••••

Bob Grossweiner, you and I cannot be the only ones who think the J. Geils Band is one of the best groups now playing rock 'n roll. Two of New York's FM stations, WPLJ and WNEW-FM, are, or have been recently, pushing both albums. I would lay odds that this group will NOT be seen in the bins at local discount houses.

By the way, it seems that after Jim Morrison's death, Elektra Records unloaded all the Doors albums it had. Almost every one, including the two-record live set, is available at ridiculous cost, the highest price I've seen being $1.99. I wonder if the same thing has happened in L. A.

I found Michael Dean Smith's comment on "The Closer You Are" by the Magnificent Four incredible. This song is a Channels' (my favorite '50's group) classic, as a ballad. I've heard it hundreds of times by them, not as often by the Magnificent Four, but never even remotely considered it an anti-war song. Daddy goin' off to war? The one "who went away, but (sic) now is back to stay" is the girl, not the guy. Smitty should leave the '50's to the experts. "Coney Island Baby" by the Excellents, which he describes as "a classic '50's rock and roll ballad" wasn't even released until 1960 or 1961.

••••••••••••

Introductory comments re inherent bias: Rolling Stones have always been the best rock 'n' roll band, American or British, white or black, in my mind. I've recently begun to appreciate the Who, and have been working more or less backward, through their material, i. e. , from WHO'S NEXT to TOMMY to LIVE AT LEEDS, etc. I've been into what used to be called "blues-rock," especially Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop, but honestly believe the original black artists cannot be surpassed. Current "favorite" albums include Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, Elvin Bishop Group - FEEL IT! and J. Geils Band (first album).

Now, on to the goodies:

**A. B. Skhy**
(MGM 4628)

A rarity for MGM, the organization that originated the Bosstown hype (Beacon Street Union, Ultimate Spinach, et. al.) a few years ago--a blues-based group that actually sounds good, undoubtedly because of the use of an excellent horn section. Did they ever have a second LP?

*(Yep. Called RAMBLIN' ON, I think).*

**Live At The Cafe Au Go Go**
Blues Project
(Verve Folkways (9024)

THE original N. Y. electric rock 'n roll band, with the finest live recording I've ever heard, although the audience sounds somewhat over-re strained. This record exposed me to Al Kooper, whom I probably should have included in the bias comments above. I've seen other BP albums in the discount bins, but never this one. It definitely doesn't belong there, anyway.

**Ellis Island**
Paupers (Verve Forecast 3051)

Skip Prokop (and perhaps other members) now appears in Lighthouse. The only cut I've ever heard on the FM from this album is "South Down Road," which is one of the few songs I can call a "classic" of its genre. "Another Man's Hair on My Razor" is a C & W take-off that sounds like it belongs to Commander Cody.

**We Came To Play**
Persuasions (Capitol 791)

An acapella collection that includes Sam Cooke's "Chain Gang," the Temp's "It's You That I Need," and "Let It Be." These guys from Jersey City, of all places, are fantastic in their ability to make a listener feel that there really is a musical background. But the voices do it all--amazing.

**The Family That Plays Together**
Spirit (Ode Z12 14014)

"I've Got a Line on You" could and should have been a top-40 hit, and beats "Dark Eyed Woman" by many lengths. Rest of the album is downhill.

**Rambling Woman**
Johnny "Big Moose" Walker
(ABC Bluesway 6036)

Never heard of him, you say? Neither did I. I bought the album because Johnny's picture reminded me of Little Richard. Cuts are mostly blues with horns, and the best are the title tune and "Footrace," both Walker originals.

Many other favorite obscurities aren't mentioned here because they are basically 1950's finds that don't particularly fit the scope of FLASH. But oldies remain my one true love, and my outlet for them is Art Turco's RECORD EXCHANGER.

*In all fairness to Bob Grossweiner, it should be mentioned that his comments on J. Geils were made before their recent upsurge in popularity. The Doors LP's are all cut-outs here, too. I hope everybody who neglected to the first time will pick up on MORRISON HOTEL now that it's a cheapie. It's funny about Spirit--they had all kinds of regional hits. "I've Got A Line On You" WAS a big hit here in LA, "Dark Eyed Woman" was never played once and "Mechanical World" from their first LP was Number One in Miami when I was there a few years ago, but as far as I can tell, nowhere else. The want list is a good idea, we're gonna do it--see my column up front.*

## Scott Fischer

*(later letter)*

**Look At Yourself**
Uriah Heep
(Mercury 1-614)

Their first two albums never really got it on too well (especially SALISBURY--their second). Not so this time around. The title cut is probably the best organ-oriented rocker I've ever heard (with the notable exception of "Talk Talk" by the Music Machine). "I Wanna Be Free" is the epitome of heavy rock as it builds up to a climactic crescendo. "July Morning" rounds out the first side in the best possible fashion. Upon experiencing them in concert recently, my fifteen year old date said that this was the best song they ever did--and you know she's right. A beautiful organ intro soon assimilated with fuzzy guitar makes this a most enjoyable hypnotic electric droner.

The second side is less memorable, but still very worthy. Organist Hensley plays a sizzling slide guitar on the first track while the other three include one laid backer and two more organ-fuzzy shriekers. All in all one hell of a righteous rocker this is!

**Kingdom Come**
Sir Lord Baltimore
(Mercury 61328)

Heavy metal speedfreak grinding with blatant macho lyrics-- "Woman is a Hell Hound/She Gives Me Beaver," make this easily one of the most important rockers released in the past year.

**Sir Lord Baltimore**
(Mercury 1-613)

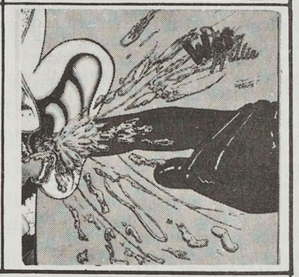
A bit toned down in comparison to their first but a cosmic bulldozer nonetheless. One cut in particular, "Caesar 71," with its abrasive metallizing exercises and machine gun drumming make this group an integral part of New York's high energy revival.

**Boomerang**
(RCA 4577)

Miss the organ-singer of the late-great Vanilla Fudge? You need no longer. He's the leader of this new four piece uptempo jam kickin' rock & roll band. Short and lively tunes, for the most part with a genuine primitive cover that ranks with GFRR's SURVIVAL.

**Dust**
(Kama Sutra 2041)

Another New York knock out rock upper. Their show stopper "From a Dry Camel," is a classic wind-up acid rocker with a most effective repetition pattern. What's left is get up and stomp down rock and roll. A new album is promised in April and after hearing a song from it live that greatly resembled "Wild Thing" it's for cert that these guys are headed in the right direction.



*Sir Lord Baltimore's 1st, The Music Machine, Dust's oft-discussed LP, and Wet Willie.*

*Dust, Dust, Dust. I keep hearing about these guys--here's a frantic postcard from Mike Saunders:*

Mark,

One of the greatest punkoid albums of recent years is DUST (Kama Sutra 2041)--get ahold of a copy and see what ya think--it makes the Who and Stones sound like the washed-up senile old geezers they are. It's definitely one of the best 5 LP's of 1971 (MASTER OF REALITY, TUPELO HONEY, MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD, and TEENAGE HEAD were my other choice picks). . .and it's almost crasser than the Sabbath themselves--and AMERICAN too! !!

*I found the album---it is good. Metal fans, check this out!*

## Eddie Flowers

Rt. 1 Box 22N
Jackson, Alabama 36545

The Raiders! Wow, you really got a lotta nerve to print that article and all I can say is (please pardon) right on! JUST LIKE US! is great and the best thing they ever did, HERE THEY COME! is nice 'cause the live side is kinda like KICK OUT THE JAMS, and GREATEST HITS is good 'cept for "Melody," which is really kinda sickening.

**Wet Willie**
(Capricorn 861)

They gotta be the best thing to ever come outta Mobile, Alabama. They play blues-rock in a Rolling Stones sort of vein. The harp player and vocalist, Jimmy Hall, is great. Best cuts are "Have A Good Time," "Dirty Leg," and Jimmy Reed's "Shame, Shame, Shame." Get it now!

**Infinite McCoys**
(Mercury 61163)

Forget about "Hang On Sloopy," and dig this. There's great jazz influenced rock and if you can't dig "Jesse Brady," you ain't got no soul, man! Recorded about two years previous to their joining Johnny Winter.

**Back Door Men**
The Shadows Of Knight
(Dunwich 667)

Great punk rock and blues. Best cuts are Jimmy Reed's "Peepin' and Hidin'," and "Spoonful," which is really well sung by Jim Sohns.

**Wooly Bully**
Sam The Sham And The Pharohs
(MGM 4297)

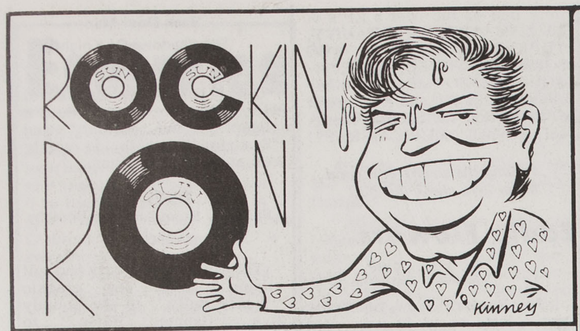
This is one great rock and roll album. From the classic "Wooly Bully," to the equally jive "Haunted Hoise," to "Gangster of Love," to a great version of "Long Tall Sally," it's great. Not one bad cut. Available at your friendly neighborhood bargain bin so get it.

## Sue Carson

no address

I really liked the first issue, the magazine itself is a good idea, but Bob Baker's article was really disgusting. Maybe you warped minds think it's funny to say that "Hungry" by Paul Revere & the Raiders is the number one song in Bangla Desh but a lot of us have real feeling for those people.

*Foreign bureau chief Baker is at the moment winging his way to exotic Cleveland Ohio for a report on the "Cleveland Sound," and thus cannot be reached for comment. As for myself, I thought that whole George Harrison/Bangla Desh affair was really neat. And if I had fifty million dollars, was 28 years old, and had achieved every personal goal I could ever possibly set for myself, I'd have done the exact same thing. Hell, yes. Who knows, maybe I'd even marry a Japanese chick and go slumming on the streets of New York City. There's just no telling. The only thing that really bugs me about the deal is that Capitol Records goes and releases "Bangla Desh" as a single and of course that means that it winds up on the jukebox at Kingaburger (at E5--E3 is "Fortunate Son" & E7 is "Honkey Tonk Women"!). So try to imagine the scene that took place when some asshole punches E5 on a Friday afternoon at 3:30. The joint was jumpin', the jukebox was blarin', people were dancing, people were talking, laughing, eating--I was polishing off the finest chocolate shake of my life--I mean you couldn't ask for a better moment when all of a sudden this dork from Pepperdine University walks in and hits the dreaded E5. UGH! Everybody stopped dancing, nobody could eat (I saw a girl spit out her french fries). Cleared the entire place in two minutes flat. Lemme tell ya some people have absolutely no taste whatsoever and no consideration for their fellow man!*




From Page 15

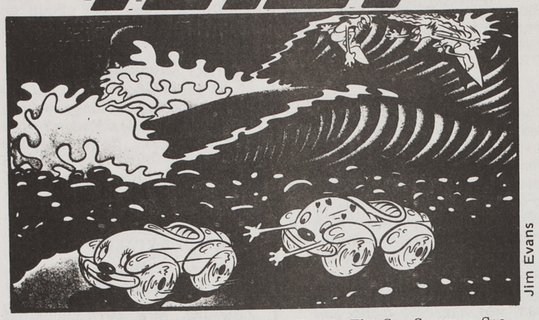
and John Hollyman, Waxie Maxie, Armando Buscema, Rockin' Guy Delamare plus the presidents of all the Rock'n'Roll clubs and magazines in Europe and enlightened record company cats as Mike Ochs and Marty Cerf and D.J.'s as Jimmy Pewter and Dr. Demento and Lane Quigley and Joe Monte and Evan Bridewell and John Johnson and John Breckon, etc., the kids are finally awakening and claiming back their music, that wild and crazy and juicy and sexy ALL-American finger-fuckin' and cunt-lickin' ROCK'n'ROLL MUSIC!!!!! I mean, shit, you go to one of these clubs on Sunset Strip and everybody is stoned and sitting there and all these dykes holding hands, I mean, God, I wanna have fun, I mean, the weekend comes and, shit, ain't nothin' shakin', for crying out loud what is all this????

I wanna go down there and jump around and start shaking my ass and pick up some red hot mama and have a ball, do it all, just let it all hang out, if you know what I mean, but all these people are too damn drugged to have a good time. But lately it's all changing, the kids too wanna get some action, they too are tired of all these drugs and cerebral cold music, they too wanna have FUN, FUN, FUN!!!! This explains how come the so-called Rock'n'Roll Revival Shows are almost always sellouts, while the Donovans are playing to empty houses; this explains how come Little Richard and Jerry Lee again have hits (the radio stations couldn't suppress 'em any longer!); this explains how come Eddie Cochran is starting to become a legend here in America the way he is in Europe! This explains how come all the "pop" groups have to close their sets with Rock'n'Roll if they wanna get a good reception.

Rock has survived, and I bet 10 years from now while Miss Carpenter will be trying to give a hard-on to Cat Stevens, who by then will be producing songs for Perry Como who will be Paul McCartney's manager ever since Linda took off with Wings and all to take Cher's part in the Sonny & Cher TV show, since Cher decided to run for Mayor of Los Angeles ever since Sam Yorty became a "Rock"star, after having lost the race for Mayor of Glendale where a new dance craze called "twisst" (with TWO "ss") is just starting to take over the country, at least this is the very authorative opinion of the L.A. Times music critic who feels that: "the twisst, through dealing with inner complexities of the deepest rooted biases of human nature, referring to what I referred before, because of a unique arrangement in the lyrical content of the feeling of one's ideological identity, NOT to confuse with an idealistical identity, which we all know is not within the specific boundaries of what we are susceptible to expect from a first album, is what I would call a unique arrangement of the most subtle perplexities, yet keeping that economical use of phraseology that we have all come to expect from the twisst....".

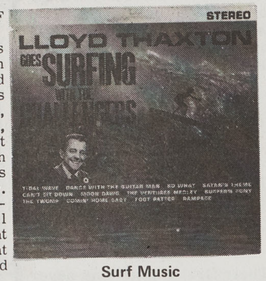
Yes, as I was saying, I bet 10 years from now CHUCK BERRY will still be duckwalking and JERRY LEE still kicking his piano stool and LITTLE RICHARD still shouting out Long Tall Sally, because they cannot take our music away (OUR music, NOT Eric Burp-on's), because as long as there's gonna be teenagers and Black People and Hillbillies and Fun and Sex in America, baby, we gonna be Rockin' & Sockin' & Rollin' & Ballin' & Boppin' & Hoppin' & Slippin' & Slidin' & Movin' & Groovin' & Jumpin' & Shakin' & Breakin' & Screamin' & Shoutin' & Jivin' & Reelin' with the Feeling!

# The Next FLASH



Jim Evans

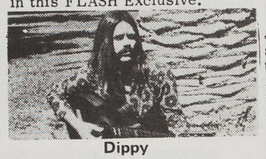
We hope you'll join us for our Lotsa Fun In The Sun Summer Special, featuring such unforgettable moments as:




Surf Music

SEVEN DAYS WITH SURF MUSIC: What happens when a reasonably normal human locks himself in a room for seven days with nothing but a record player and a stack of albums by the Challengers, Chantays, Renegaids, Del-Tones, Surfaris, etc.? I don't know either, but I'm gonna do it, and you can read my intimate diary of this experience right here next time. Does this music have consciousness expanding properties? We'll soon see. Braver readers might want to conduct this experiment on themselves between now and then and compare notes.

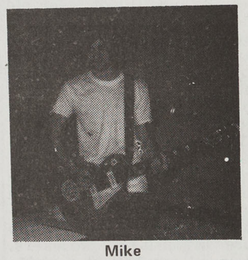
DID YOU EVER wonder what the thousand dances referred to in the song, "Land Of A Thousand Dances," really were? Well, rummaging through the trash last Thursday at the mammoth Benidict Canyon estate where Cannibal and the Headhunters reside, we were fortunate enough to find an actual list of the dances themselves! (Cleverly concealed inside a beef and bean burrito, I might add). Another well-kept secret bites the dust in this FLASH Exclusive.



Dippy

JIM DIPPY SPEAKS: The latest sensitive-superstar to roll off the assembly line bares his soul in an exclusive FLASH interview with Bob Baker.

A NEW HEAVY-METAL column by Mike Saunders, spotlighting some heavy crass stuff you ought to be aware of. Until you read it, keep your eyes open for Dust's first on Kama Sutra, and Deep Purple's latest, MACHINE HEAD, which Mike calls "...a real cool album that makes for good background noise conductive to cooking enchiladas..."



Mike

AMAZING 45's that you can still find for a dime--some of the better obscure rockin' singles we've found.

PLUS: A dynamite 4-page Jim Evans cartoon that is so funny and graphically amazing that you aren't gonna believe it anyway, Rockin' Ron runs down the authentic wild rock LP's and 45's that are still in print and available, and of course the usual features like Ralph Cramden, the Melanie Awards, Liner Notes Hall Of Fame, and about a ton of Esoterica. Some other surprises, too.

# "Satisfied? You Bet I Am!"

says Cindy Vincent of Dana Point, California, yet another to join the ever growing ranks of FLASH Magazine subscribers. Sez Cindy: "I used to lay awake nights worrying about Richard Nixon and the ecological crisis and finding an identity I could live with, until one blessed day I found your magazine. Now I realize that the music of Question Mark & The Mysterians and Eddie Cochran contains the answers to all my questions (and a lot more, too!)" There's not much we can add to that except to say that for three dollars--less than the cost of one copy of **Mud Slide Slim & The Blue Horizon**--we'll turn you on to hundreds of rockin' records which you can score at outrageously low prices. It's the biggest bargain of 'em all! Please be advised, though, that FLASH is not sold at newsstands and the only way to receive it is by using one of the coupons below:

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*Gentlemen: She's pretty fine, my $3.00. Send me one year (six issues) of FLASH Magazine.*

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**In FLASH number two, it's drama, excitement...**

# They want to destroy America

**while at the same time...**

# They want to tour America

**Which side will prevail?**

**Find out for yourself--The DC5-MC5 Boss Battle begins on page eight!**

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also inside: the first melanie award, revealing esoterica from hot scott fischer, gene sculatti, ed ward, and many others, and new columns by ralph cramden (he knows what you need) and rockin' ron (he knows what you want!)

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